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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 98.—Vol. VIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 18, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

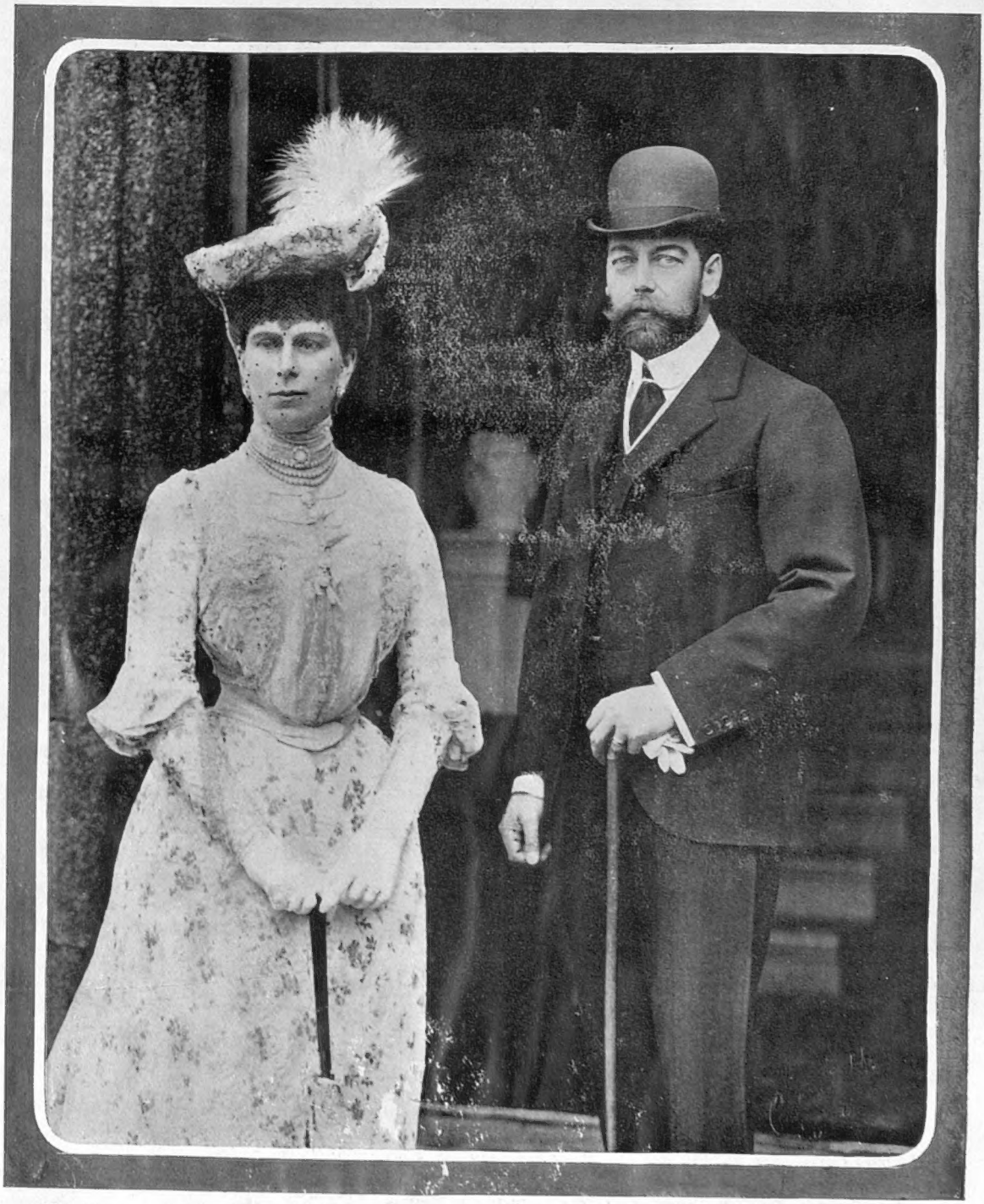

Photo by] BON VOYAGE!" [*J. C. Dinham*

No. 98.—Vol. VIII

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.

THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.

Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

EMPIRE THEATRE LEICESTER SQUARE

An Original Divertissement,
"THE BUGLE CALL."
"A REVUE," by GEO. GROSSMITH, JUN.
Supported by Specially Selected Variety Programme.
Doors 7.45 Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"The Bondage of God." By E. P. Finnemore. (Digby, Long: 6s.)

"The Amethyst Box." By A. K. Green. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

"The Red Reaper." By John A. Steuart. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

"Loveday." By L. T. Meade. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

"Maurice." By Joseph Keating. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

"The Tower of Siloam." By Mrs. Henry Graham. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

"The Girls of St. Gabriel's." By May Baldwin. (Chambers: 3s. 6d.)

"A Flood Tide." By Mary Debenham. (Arnold: 6s.)

"The Brown House and Cordelia." By Margaret Booth. (Arnold: 6s.)

"A Trombone and a Star." By C. T. Podmore. (Arnold: 6s.)

"A Spur to Smite." By G. B. Lancaster. (Melrose: 6s.)

"Love in the Lists." By K. L. Montgomery. (Unwin: 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Gesta Romanorum." Revised Edition. By W. Hooper. (Bell: 2s. net.)

"Duval's Artistic Anatomy." Edited and amplified by A. Melville Paterson. (Cassell: 5s. net.)

"The Decoration of Leather." By Maude Nathan. (Constable: 7s. 6d. net.)

"What Nelson Said." Edited by Hugh Stokes. (Caxton Press: 6d. net.)

"The Garden of Nuts." By W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder and Stoughton: 3s. 6d.)

"The Ghosts of My Friends." (Dow and Lester: 1s. net.)

"The Nicknames of My Friends." (Dow and Lester: 1s. net.)

"The Beauties of Literature." Vol. I. Sterne. Vol. II. Shakespeare. (Library Press: Cloth, 1s. net; Leather, 2s. net.)

"The Gods of Pegana." By Lord Dunsany. Illustrated by S. H. Sime. (Elkin Mathews: 5s. net.)

"Dan Leno." By S. Hickory Wood. (Methuen: 6s.)

"Jane Austen and Her Times." By G. E. Mitton. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Romance of Mining." By Archibald Williams. (Pearson: 5s.)

"The Wallypug in the Moon." By G. E. Farrow. (Pearson: 5s.)

"The Golliwog's Fox Hunt." By Florence and Bertha Upton. (Longmans: 6s.)

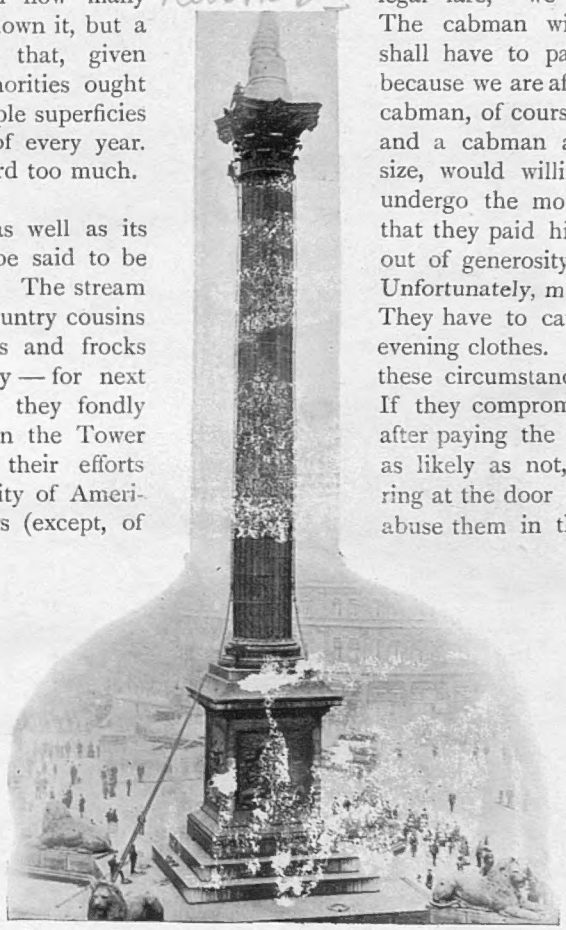
"The Guide to Fairyland." By Dion Clayton Calthrop. Illustrated by the Author. (Alston Rivers: 7s. 6d.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 1d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Random Jottings

"Kingsway! May it never be blocked!" should be the toast of every ardent Londoner to-day. It is not every day we get a fine new thoroughfare with a Royal name, and the King to open it, and our civic pride ought, as a consequence, to be considerable at the present moment. I forget the exact dimensions of the road, and how many omnibuses can drive abreast down it, but a statistician has informed me that, given ordinary luck, the Paving authorities ought to be able to encamp on its ample superficies for at least nine months out of every year. This, however, is looking forward too much.

Every City has its private as well as its public time, and London may be said to be enjoying that private time now. The stream of visitors has flowed back. Country cousins have retired to see if the hats and frocks they bought in such a hurry — for next to nothing — really do fit, as they fondly supposed. Tired Beef-eaters in the Tower of London are resting from their efforts to satisfy the intelligent curiosity of American sight-seers. French visitors (except, of course, the Parisian Municipal Councillors still with us), who came over in August to see our celebrated London fogs, have returned to their own country to spread the report that these are only a legend of the days when Albion was perfidious. Only the Italian organ-grinder and the German waiter still linger. And they are really as much Londoners as any of us.



Steeplejacks preparing the Nelson Column for Trafalgar Day

Great crowds watched the intrepid steeplejacks as they roped round the circumference of the column and hoisted the ladders up stage by stage until the top was reached

Indeed, if I were asked to give a representation of London—after the fashion of the Venices and the Constantinoples that are done at Earl's Court—I should give the Italian organ-grinder and the German waiter a very prominent position It would be a street scene. Time, a foggy November evening. Outside suburban villa an Italian organ-grinder would be producing his heart-rending melodies. Inside the villa, a young German waiter, who has come over to learn the English language, would be packing the silver into a bag preparatory to moving on to some place where the English language is spoken with a purer accent—New York, for example.

It is to be hoped that the Cab Proprietors' Federation really will succeed at last in introducing the taxameter. It is not so much, I believe, that people cannot afford to pay a cabman his fare — and a little more — as that they cannot afford to be made to feel moral cowards every time they take a cab. A cabman, more than conscience, makes cowards of us all. "The legal fare," we say, "is two shillings." The cabman will want half-a-crown. I shall have to pay it. And we do pay it, because we are afraid. Not necessarily of the cabman, of course. Most men, given leisure and a cabman approximating to their own size, would willingly fight him rather than undergo the moral degradation of knowing that they paid him more than his fare—not out of generosity—but because they had to. Unfortunately, most men have not the leisure. They have to catch a train. Or they are in evening clothes. Even a single round under these circumstances would be disconcerting. If they compromise the matter by flying—after paying the legal fare—they know that, as likely as not, the cabman will descend, ring at the door of their hostess's house, and abuse them in the hall till, for very shame, they come out and pay him a shilling to go away.

The taxameter will alter all this. Conscious that the fare cannot be disputed, we shall take cabs with a light heart, and probably three times as often. Also, in the knowledge that there is no compulsion about it and no moral cowardice involved, we shall bestow our tips just as often, if not more often, than in the days of our necessity.

Sonnet to Nelson

OCTOBER 21, 1805-1905

A hundred years have waned since at a blow
The fetters that the Corsican would chain
On British limbs, that ne'er shall fetters know,
Were shattered by thy cannons' iron rain.
In shackles France would bind us once again—
Love bonds, as warm as life and light as snow,
Nor shall her peaceful efforts be in vain,
As in that Titan struggle long ago.
But thou, whose death-fight freed our bulwark main,
Which, while thy spirit lives, no lords shall know
But British keels—who gav'st this vast domain
To Britain's sons to hold 'gainst every foe—
So long our hearts shall beat, our flag shall fly,
Thy name we'll hold dear as thy victory.

Love at First Sight

By FRANK RICHARDSON

The easiest way to fall in love is to fall in love at first sight.

It is the natural way; it is the most beautiful way; it is the way Dante set about it. And what was good enough for Dante ought to be good enough for you.

Look how many people do it!

Look at the numbers of young men who flock to the theatres, and fall in love immediately with Maude, or Birdie, or Ellalinette.

Directly that girl shows her twinkling feet in the back row of the chorus, Augustus's heart goes pit-a-pat, and he knows that he has found his doom—he calls it his fate. And when her ruby lips open and show her pearly teeth, and she says, with a grace unequalled by Sarah Bernhardt or Miss Jessie Bateman, "Come along, girls," or "The Prince is one of the best," he begins to wonder how his father will take the news.

He searches down the programme in order to identify her. But she is only one (though the most beautiful) of the ten Gibson girls, or one (though the most elegant) of the twelve daughters of the Duchess of Marylebone. They all have beautiful names, Trixie, and Babs, and Mamie, and Camille, but he knows instinctively that, when he *does* learn it, his little girl's will be the sweetest of them all.

This is a case of love at first sight.

Her face, her sparkling eyes, her peaches-and-cream complexion are burnt into his brain. In the watches of the night he will see nought but her. He goes down to the stage-door to watch her come forth.

MRS BIGGS: "Well, you don't never know *when* to believe them papers. 'E don't look as if 'e's been ill-treated.

First come the orchestra, then the scene-shifters, then the actors, and then the women. Chattering and laughing they come, and he looks under each hat for that never-to-be-forgotten face. The stream of women thins, and at last he sees from the pavement the stage-door keeper close his rabbit-hutch; the lights are put out, the stage-door closes, and the weary old man, muttering to himself, crawls off towards the "Running Footman."

Then it is that Augustus realises that he does not know his love-at-first-sight by sight.

This is a terrible awakening!

And yet, even the sanest man who falls in love at first sight does not show very much more intelligence than is exhibited by Augustus.

You may be introduced to the Lady Angela McQuisker at the dear Duchess's. You being, let us assume, a peer of the realm—not an Irish peer, dear reader—are in a position to marry the lady. You, therefore, are perfectly justified in telling your love.

You know nothing about her, except that she is beautiful. Of her intellect, of her heart, you are ignorant, and the mere fact that it should beat for you will prove, at any rate, that she is not a girl of sound judgment. (That is, it will prove it to anyone else, but it won't prove it to *you*.)

If you heard that a girl had fallen in love at her first meeting with your bosom friend, Lord Robert, with your highly esteemed executor, Mr. Lumley Freshfield, would you not consider that her's was a rash and probably ill-omened act?

Why, it took you years before you found out that you could confide your innermost thoughts to Lord Robert! You made diligent inquiries before appointing Mr. Lumley Freshfield to the proud position of your executor. And yet a mere girl, with no knowledge of the world, decides on the spur of the moment to spend the rest of her natural life with one of these two gentlemen! Absurd.

Of course, you will justify your love at first sight by using the word "instinct."

The miracle of love is upon you, and what should have been the work of, at the very least, a couple of dances, a theatre party, and an afternoon at Ranelagh, has in your case been accomplished in a lightning flash.

You think it would be almost irreligious in you to seek the advice of anyone on the suitability of your prospective bride.

And you are quite right, because no man whose advice is worth taking will ever believe that you will take it. There is no record of a man so foolish that when his friend came to him, saying, "I am in love with such an one, what do you think of her?" he did not say that he esteemed her beyond all others of her sex.

So there is no bother and no fuss; no weighing of character; no consideration of *pro* and *con*.

That is the secret of love at first sight.

It is the easiest way of falling in love.

Also, it is the cheapest.

In addition, it is the most disastrous.

The Topictator

Overheard at all watering-places just now

"Did I know A'miral Lord Nelson? Lor' bless yer, mum, I fort under 'im at the battle o' Trafalgar"

'Why not 'motorman,' instead of 'chauffeur'?"

—Daily Paper

ROBERT: "Ah! Good idea. That 'ere French word, 'shover,' was a bit of a mouthful for some of us. I never 'ad no difficulty about it, though"

J. B.: "Only the quacking of a duck, mein herr"

A chance for progression

The Holborn Guardians have decided to supply the boys of the schools at Mitcham with football boots. Why stop there?

(Mr. Lionel Arbuthnot has stated that, at Oxford and Cambridge, young men, nowadays, drink Perrier and Vichy Water rather than Heilsieck and Pérrier-Jouët.)

VISITOR (*dolefully*): "Decent brand of lithia, this!"

HOST (*miserably*): "Like it?"

Bottled Emotions

[*A Bottled Blush is one of the features of the London Medical Exhibition. It consists of "a tiny glass bottle containing a minim of amyl nitrite—a powerful heart stimulant, whose effect is to raise a blush. By concealing four or five of these in a dainty handkerchief, ladies would find them a valuable addition to the battery of their charms."*—DAILY MAIL.]

The momentous step had been taken, and in an ecstasy of emotion I had avowed my love for Miss Pangbourne-Smith. I waited, trembling with suspense, for the reply.

"Speak, Joselyne!" I said, greatly daring. "One little word."

"Dear Mr. Barker," she said, and paused. Not a hint of a blush had disturbed the pearly serenity of her cheeks.

"You love me not!" I cried.

"You are mistaken," she said reproachfully. "You judge from appearances. Wait one moment and——" As she spoke, she sounded the electric bell. "Parkins," she whispered, "fetch—"

I could catch only the words, "Bottles . . . quick . . . lace handkerchief."

It seemed an age before the maid returned, and handed a Valenciennes *mouchoir* to her mistress. Joselyne pressed it to her cheeks. Instantly a blush, such as satisfied my warmest aspirations, overspread them.

"Joselyne!" I murmured.

"Mr. Barker——"

"You do not altogether despise me——"

"On the contrary, Mr. Bark——"

"George!" I suggested.

"George," she repeated, with a sweet docility, "I love you." Her burning cheeks testified to the truth of this assertion. "The only question is"—she continued—"what will my father say?"

"He will never be so cruel as to part us," I said. "True, my income is but a small one, yet from what I have seen of Mr. Pangbourne-Smith, I cannot think he will have the heart——"

My remark was cut short by the entrance of that very gentleman. Mr. Pangbourne-Smith, I may say, is a mild-looking man, with a chin beard. I felt justified in hoping the best of him.

MAMMA: "Won't you give Major Smith a kiss, darling?"

DARLING: "If you will first, mamma!" *(Intense delight of the Major*

DRAWN BY PERCY E. GREEN

"Mr. Pangbourne-Smith," I began, and plunged *in medias res.* "I love your daughter, sir!"

"Good gracious!" said he. "Bless my soul."

"Do you consent to our union?" I asked, "True, my income is but a small one, yet——"

"What?" said Mr. Smith, mildly. "One moment, if you please." Like Joselyne, he sounded the bell. The butler made his appearance.

"James," said Mr. Smith, "kindly fetch me two bottles off the second shelf in my dressing-room."

It seemed an age before the butler returned and handed Mr. Pangbourne-Smith two small glass bottles. Mr. Smith instantly swallowed the contents of one, and, as he put the bottle down, I caught sight of its label. "Pained Surprise" were the words written on it.

"Now, what's this?" said Mr. Smith, with a sudden change of expression. "What's all this about, Mr. Barker? Eh, what—what?"

I explained a second time my aspirations and my prospects.

"I'm astonished at you," said the old gentleman.

If it's really for pleasure you shoot,
And your marksmanship's not very grand,
Remember two birds in the bush
Are not worth one bird in the hand.

"I am sorry," I said haughtily.

"Very astonished," said he, and put the second bottle to his lips. I saw Joselyne shrink into her chair, and next moment I was conscious that Mr. Smith was advancing upon me in a threatening manner. Out of the corner of my eyes I saw the label on the second bottle. It read "Blustering Fury." "What the devil, sir," said Mr. Pangbourne-Smith, "do you mean by this?"

"By what?" I asked. He was transformed with anger.

"By daring, sir . . . confound it all . . . by having the insolence, sir, to come here making eyes at my daughter? Do you want to be kicked downstairs, sir?"

"No," I replied.

"Cut, then!" said Mr. Pangbourne-Smith.

For a moment I hesitated.

"If you don't," said he, "I'll ring again and ask James to bring me 'Homicidal Madness.' I've got it upstairs."

I thought discretion the better part of valour, and bolted at that. I have never seen Joselyne since. That is the worst of these bottled emotions.

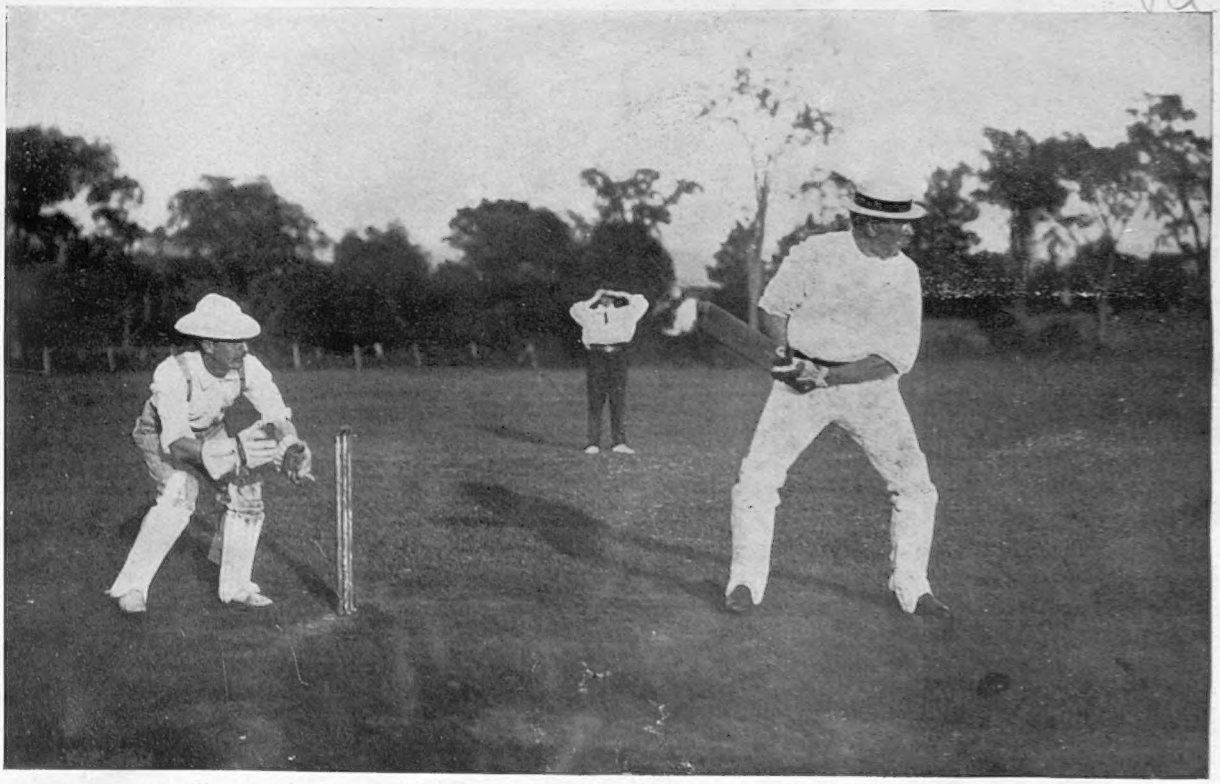
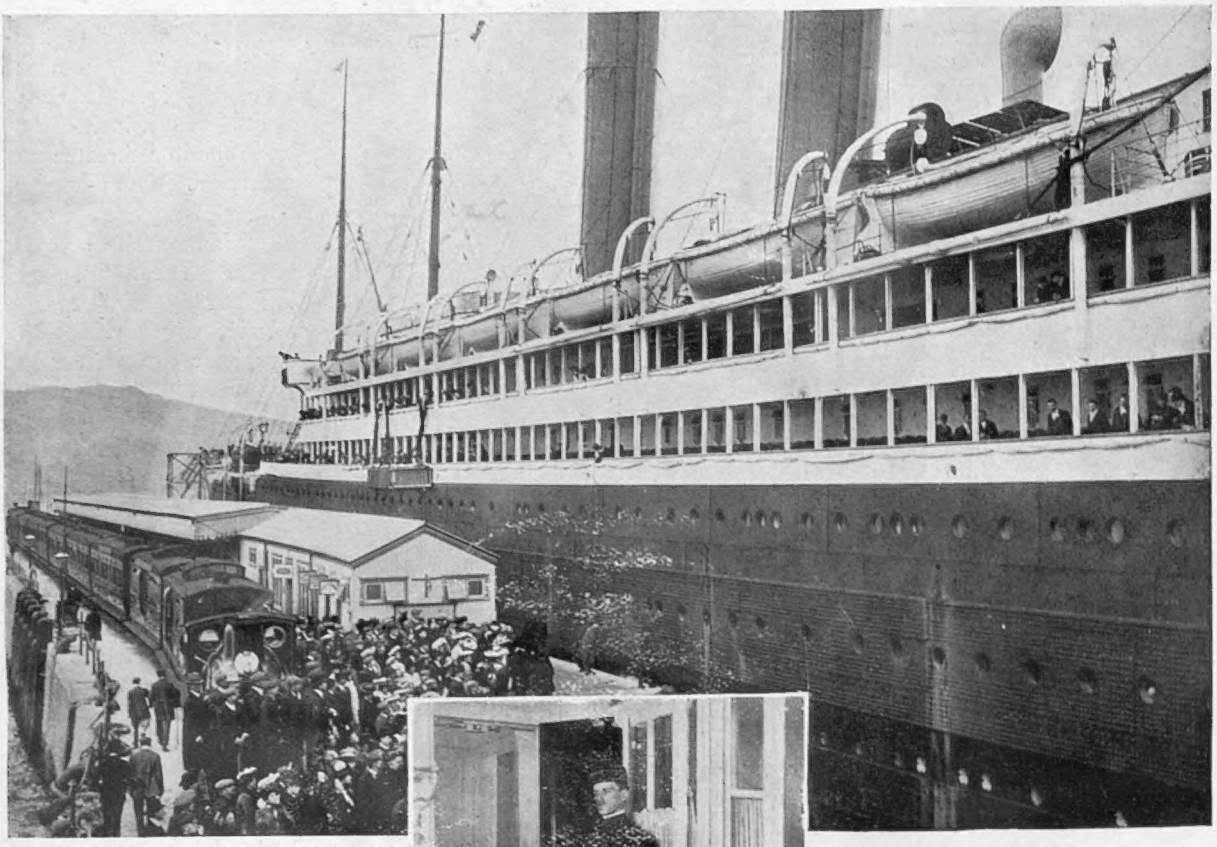


Photo by] An Ambassador at Play: Sir H. M. Durand playing cricket at Washington [*Topical Agency*

A Real Floating Hotel

THE "AMERIKA" CONTAINS LIFTS AND A GRILL-ROOM



1. Arrival of the Hamburg-American liner, "Amerika," at Dover, on her maiden voyage

2. A lift on the "Amerika," the latest form of luxury

Photos by *Illustrations Bureau*

3. Up-to-date Appointments on the "Amerika": Grill-room, with separate tables, where meals are served a la carte

The Late Sir Henry Irving

Photo by Window and Grove

The Vicar in "Olivia"

Photo by Cameron Studios

Mathias in "The Bells"
(From a picture by James Archer)

Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice"

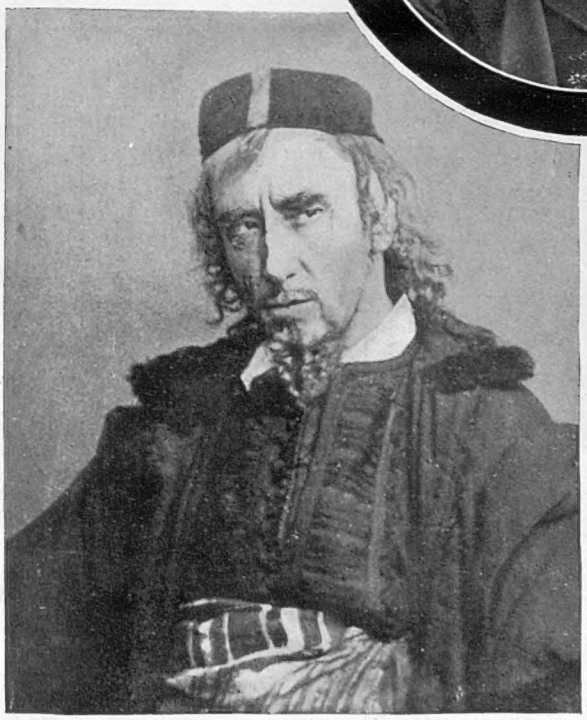


Photo by Lyddell Sawyer

"Becket" (his last part)

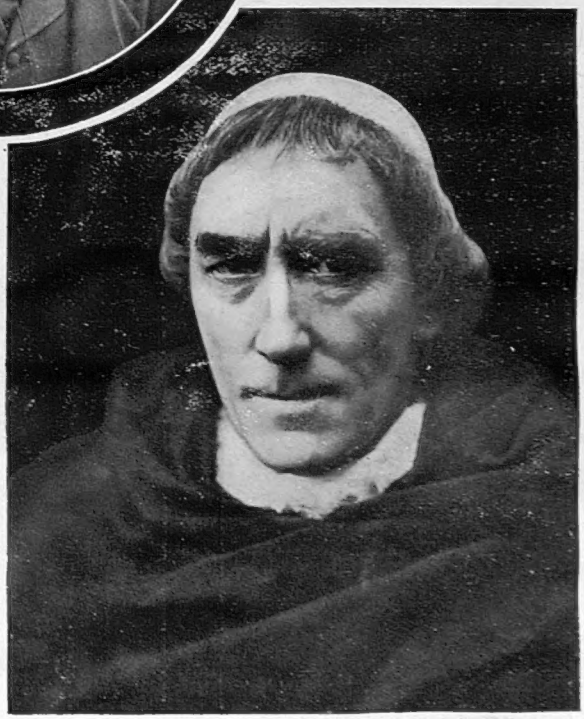


Photo by Cameron Studios

On this page we publish photographs of some of the characters which won for the late Sir Henry Irving the love and esteem of the world. We put love first because even greater than Irving the actor was Irving the man. The dominant note struck in the universal expressions of grief at his death is sorrow for the loss of a man gifted to a remarkable degree with charm and lovable qualities. The loss to the stage can be made up in time, but who shall occupy the place of Sir Henry Irving in the hearts of his fellow-creatures?

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Royal Travelling Companions

The Prince of Wales follows the example of the King in preferring to be surrounded by old, rather than by new friends, and thus we find that two of the distinguished Naval officers who are accompanying their Royal Highnesses to India were also included in the historic journey of the *Ophir* to the great British Colonies and Dependencies. Commander Bryan Godfrey-Faussett has now been, for four years, one of the Prince of Wales's equerries. He is some years older than his Royal master, and entered the Navy at the age of fourteen, and was made a lieutenant ten years later, and Commander in 1899. Needless to say that he is possessed of exceptional tact and discretion, for these are indispensable qualities in those who form part of a Royal suite on such a journey as is this of the Heir Apparent and his Consort to our great Indian Empire. Commander Sir Charles Cust, though he retired from the Navy four years ago, may yet be counted as among those Naval officers on whom the country would call in case of war. He is one of the Prince of Wales's oldest friends; they were together on the *Britannia*, and Sir Charles was also a messmate of the Prince's in H.M.S. *Alexandra*. Later on, when the Prince commissioned H.M.S. *Crescent*, he chose Sir Charles Cust to be his first lieutenant. In 1892, the young officer was made equerry to his Royal friend and master, and he was for a while attached to the Royal yacht *Osborne*. The Hon. Derek and Mrs. Keppel seem to be regarded with special favour by both the Prince and Princess of Wales. They are both clever and agreeable; they play bridge remarkably well, and can make themselves pleasant to all sorts and conditions of men and women.

Grand Duchess Sophie Charlotte Oldenburg
Whose betrothal to Prince Eitel Fritz, second son of the Kaiser, has just been announced

A Royal Betrothal

Much pleasure is expressed in Berlin at the announcement of the engagement of the Kaiser's second son, Prince Eitel Fritz, to the Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg. The bride-elect is a niece of the Duchess of Connaught, and has long been considered one of the most attractive and accomplished of Royal heiresses. They both delight in outdoor games and sports, and the Prince will probably spend part of his honeymoon in Switzerland, for he is eager to introduce his bride-elect to the joys of mountaineering.

The Bishop's Baggage

The Church Congress at Weymouth is now past history, but the layman will not soon forget the remarkable bearing which Archdeacon Colley's spiritualistic experiences had upon the proceedings. One of the best stories of the Congress was related by the Bishop

Commander B. Godfrey-Faussett, R.N.

The Hon. Derek Keppel

Commander Sir Charles Cust, R.N., C.M.G.

Photos by *W. and D. Downey*

IN THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SUITE

The Bishop of London's "Excess Baggage"

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Right Rev. Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London

of London. Addressing a meeting of women at Sidney Hall, Dr. Ingram recalled an amusing experience which befel him on a former visit to Dorchester. The Bishop of London, as is well known, is keenly interested in the work of East-End clergymen. So touching was his description of their work among the children, that the members of the meeting collected together a vast quantity of toys for the little End-Enders. The Bishop stuffed an amazing quantity of dolls and toys into his portmanteaux, but when a further consignment of presents reached him at the station on his departure, his baggage was so much in excess that he was forced to send the bulk of the packages by goods train.

Saints—in Society?

Mrs. Baillie-Saunders, Prize Winner

As a result of his offer of £100 for the best first novel by an "unpublished" author, no fewer than 20,000,000 words have found their way into Mr. Fisher Unwin's offices in Paternoster Row from eager competitors. After herculean labour, the words were sifted, and about 80,000 of them found quite good. They were collected together under the title of "Saints in Society," and the collector was Mrs. Baillie-Saunders, the wife of the Rev. F. Baillie-Saunders, Chaplain of Marylebone, who is accordingly proclaimed the winner of the prize. Her novel made its appearance on the 16th inst. There are so many clever literary ladies nowadays, that perhaps there is scarcely ground for surprise that Mr. Fisher Unwin has discovered yet another. For one discovery, however, we have to thank the competition, and that is the discovery, by the author herself, of Saints — in Society. The public curiosity to know how, when, and where the author found them should secure an overwhelming sale for the volume.

Photo by *Mme. Pestel*

Mrs. Baillie-Saunders

Whose novel, "Saints in Society," has been awarded the prize of £100 in Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Competition

Lord and Lady Londesborough

Lord and Lady Londesborough, who are to entertain the King next week (23rd) at Londesborough Park, are still better known by their old name of Lord and Lady Raincliffe, for Lord Londesborough only succeeded to his Earldom in the year 1900. Lord Londesborough is a typical Yorkshireman, devoted to his county, and interested in every form of sport, as those who have ever had the pleasure of being at Scarborough during the Cricket Week will eagerly testify. The Londesborough Yorkshire estate cost close on half a million, and the house where the Sovereign is to be entertained is famed for its splendid park and beautiful gardens. Lady Londesborough was considered one of the most beautiful women present at the Coronation, and she was the only peeress present who wore flowers on that historic occasion, for sprays of Malmaison carnations were arranged across her white satin bodice. Both Lord and Lady Londesborough are very fond of acting, and frequently take part in private theatricals.

The Earl and Countess of Londesborough

Who are to entertain the King at Londesborough Park, on October 23, for four days' shooting

A Bellicose Earl

Photo by Antrobus

Lord Armstrong

Head of the great Elswick shipyards, a branch of which is to be opened in Tokio

Photo by Maull and Fox

The Earl of Kimberley

Who is anxious to fight a duel with another member of the Norfolk County Council

A Maker of Empire

Lord Armstrong, the head of the famous engineering firm owning the Elswick shipyards, who are now starting a branch in Japan, is one of the most remarkable of our great working peers. Curiously enough, he was born a Watson, being a nephew of the first Lord Armstrong through that remarkable man's sister; but he took his mother's name some sixteen years ago, and was for a while known as Mr. Watson-Armstrong. After the death of his uncle, by the very exceptional favour of the Sovereign, the title passed on to its present possessor, and when taking his seat in the House of Lords for the first time, his supporters were Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord Muncaster. Lady Armstrong, who was a daughter of that splendid soldier, Sir John Adye, is a great Northumbrian hostess. She and her husband are devoted to their two beautiful places—picturesque Bamborough Castle and beautiful Cragside, where hangs one of the finest collections of modern paintings in the kingdom. The King is said to have a very great opinion of Lord Armstrong, and to take the deepest interest in the famous works which cover over a mile and a half of the steep banks of the Tyne, and which employ some fifteen thousand people. Elswick is on the closest terms of friendship with the Admiralty; it is there that the chiefs of our Navy go for their naval architects, and from the Admiralty the Armstrong firm often obtains highly valued servants. Japan has once more shown her shrewdness and wisdom in encouraging Lord Armstrong to establish a Japanese branch.

The Earl of Kimberley's Challenge

"Why all this surprise (writes a correspondent, with Shaw-esque tendencies) about the challenge issued by the Earl of Kimberley to Colonel Sapwell, of the Norfolk County Council? If the challenger had been a commoner, the whole affair would be ridiculous; but Earls and duels are relics of a bygone age, so their association once more is a peculiar illustration of the fitness of things."

The Royal Marriage

Royal marriages play a great part in diplomacy. Thus, to give but one example, the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who is, in spite of his German name, of British birth and nephew to our own Sovereign, is now the happy bridegroom of

Photo by Bieber

The Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein

At the Royal wedding, King Edward was represented by Prince Arthur of Connaught, who, it will be remembered, refused the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Coburg when it was inherited by him

Prominent Liberal Hostesses

Princess Victoria Adelaide of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg, the German Empress's niece and namesake. The young pair were engaged before the Duke had celebrated his twenty-first birthday, and the marriage is the outcome of a pretty romance, for Duke Charles Edward met the young Princess at Potsdam, and it is said that he was anxious to announce his betrothal some time before either the Duchess of Albany, his mother, or the German Emperor, judged it well that he should do so. The new Duchess is very pretty, decidedly better looking than the other Royal bride, the young German Crown Princess. She is distantly related to her husband, for they both have a common descent from the Duchess of Kent, the Princess owing to the latter's first marriage, and the Duke through the Duchess of Kent's second and British alliance. The town of Coburg, where the happy pair are taking up their residence, is a charming little place full of pleasant associations to our Royal Family. Queen Victoria was passionately fond of her adored husband's early home, and there are many mementoes of the Prince Consort's childhood and youth in the palace to which the young Duke has brought home his bride.

Liberal Hostesses

Now that the Liberal political campaign is commencing all over the country, in the almost certain hope of obtaining a large majority at the next General Election, it is interesting to note how large a part women play in the world of politics, more especially from a social point of view. Foremost in the rank of Liberal hostesses stand Lady Aberdeen and Lady Wimborne, and both have been worthy helpmeets to their husbands in their public careers. Lady Wimborne is one of the celebrated Churchill sisters, which includes the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Howe, Lady Sarah Wilson, and Lady de Ramsey. She is a leader of the Low Church Party, and has lately started a Church of England book store in Dover Street, in which she takes an active interest.

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Lady de Grey

A famous Liberal hostess, an intimate friend of the Queen, an enthusiastic opera-goer, and one of the first of the lady motorists

Lady de Grey, another Liberal hostess, is the intimate friend of Queen Alexandra. She was the beautiful Lady Gladys Herbert, and married Lord de Grey, as her second husband, in 1885. She is tall and stately, and is regularly to be seen in her box at the Opera. Lady de Grey is also very fond of motoring, and was one of the first Society women to drive an electric carriage in London. She entertains very frequently at Coombe Court, her charming house at Kingston.

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

Mrs. Asquith and baby

Famous, before her marriage, as Miss Margaret Tennant, supposed to be the original of Mr. Benson's "Dodo." Mrs. Asquith's wit and brilliancy will greatly assist her husband when called to office

Prominent Liberal Hostesses

Photo by] **Lady Carrington** *[Alice Hughes*

A very popular political hostess. Her husband, Earl Carrington, held office in the last Liberal Ministry

Lady Carrington, who is one of the charming daughters of Lord and Lady Suffield, has all the fascination of manner for which her family is famous, and is one of its few members who has not received an appointment in the Royal Household. She makes a perfect hostess, and holds many political gatherings; she is almost as much in demand for public services as her husband, Lord Carrington. Their daughter, Lady Ruperta Wynn-Carrington, has recently become engaged to Lord Lewisham, Lord Dartmouth's heir, the wedding being fixed for December.

Mrs. Asquith, who, as Miss Margaret Tennant, was so well known as one of the wittiest girls of her day, has a unique and striking personality. She is a great reader, a clever writer, and a brilliant conversationalist being

Prominent Liberal Hostesses

also one of the most successful hostesses in Society. She is a great help to her husband in his political work, and is a personal friend of the Prime Minister. She is not keen on social life as a whole, and her entertainments generally take the form of political dinner parties.

Lady Aberdeen is a woman of exceptional mental power, writing well and making an excellent platform speaker. She has had extensive experiences, acting as Vice-Reine in Ireland, as wife of the Governor-General of Canada and Lord High Commissioner at Holyrood. Lady Aberdeen is tall and distinguished looking, and has a particularly kind and gracious manner. The five emeralds in her tiara, given her by her father, the late Lord Tweedmouth, are said to be among the finest in the world. Lady Aberdeen, as all the world knows, is devoted to dogs, and goes in specially for Skye terriers, with which she wins many prizes.

Lady Denman

One of the younger generation of Liberal hostesses, and the daughter of Sir Weetman Pearson, M.P. Her husband commanded a Yeomanry company in South Africa, and was wounded

Lady Colebrooke is a daughter of the late Lord Alfred Paget, and the King and Queen, with whom she is a great favourite, acted as sponsors at her christening. She is fond of outdoor life and is a first-rate whip, but her favourite amusement is wood-carving, and she has a workshop at Abingdon,

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

The Countess of Aberdeen

A hostess in herself. As the wife of the late Viceroy of Canada and of Ireland, she has held vice-regal sway. She is an exceptionally clever woman, a speaker, a writer, and a lover of Skye terriers

A Great Landlord and Sportsman

Sir Edward's country place, fitted up with all the necessary appliances for the exercise of her craft.

Lady Denman is quite a recent addition to the ranks of Liberal hostesses, and has already done much to further her husband's career in politics. She is the daughter of Sir Weetman Pearson, and owns some of the finest pearls in London. Lady Denman has recently had a son and heir, who was christened the end of last month.

felt in the county at the closing of this splendid estate. For some years the Duke held a commission in the 2nd Life Guards, and he now takes an active interest in the Queen's Own Staffordshire Yeomanry, of which he is honorary colonel. As the Marquis of Stafford, he was M.P. for Sutherland in the Liberal interest from 1874 to 1886. He is fond of deer-stalking in his own magnificent forests in Sutherlandshire, and he is also a keen yachtsman; but fox-hunting is his favourite sport. His courtesy

Photo by] **The Duke of Sutherland, who was for twenty-six years Master of the North Staffordshire Foxhounds** [*Whitlock*

The husband of "R. E. Fyffe," author of *The Conqueror*. He is keenly interested in fox-hunting, yachting, and landowning, while, as Marquis of Stafford, he was Liberal M.P. for Sutherland from 1874 to 1886

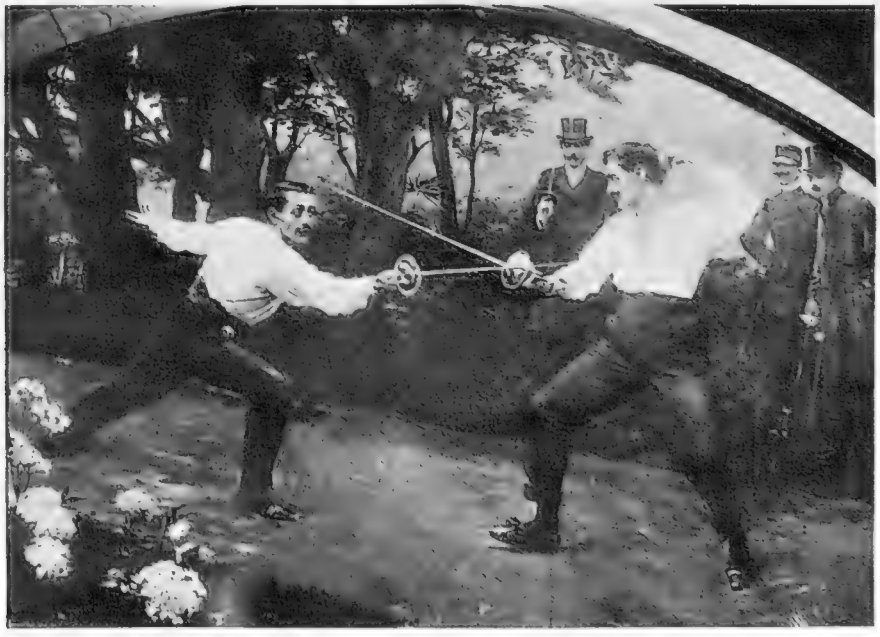
The Duke of Sutherland

Both the Duke of Sutherland and his charming wife, whose recent venture in dramatic authorship caused so much interest in social and theatrical circles, are keen followers of hounds. They are well-known figures in the Shires and in North Staffordshire, where the Duke was M.F.H. for twenty-six seasons. Owing to the pollution of the river which runs through the grounds of Trentham Hall, the Duke and Duchess have ceased to reside at their Staffordshire home, and great regret is

and tact, and that indefinable quality which is called personal charm, were potent factors in the success of his Mastership of the North Staffordshire. He still fills the position of president of the Hunt Committee, but during the ensuing season the Duke and Duchess will probably be hunting from Pickwell, their place in the Cottesmore country. The Duke's property extends to nearly one and a half million acres, and everywhere he is spoken of as an excellent landlord, ever mindful of the interests of those who occupy his land.

DUELLING IN DIFFERENT AGES

HAVING in mind Lord Kimberley's recent challenge to a fellow County Councillor to fight a duel forthwith, in Paris, we venture to suggest to his lordship two or three different methods, shown photographically, by which our ancestors were wont to settle such little differences. He has a large field to choose from. There is the method adopted by prehistoric man, familiarised to modern generations by Mr. George Robey, the duel of the Roman Amphitheatre, the armoured knights' duel of the days of chivalry, the



DUELLING IN DIFFERENT AGES

Crusaders' and the Cavaliers' combats, and last — but decidedly least — the generally harmless by-play of Parisian politicians and journalists, of which Mark Twain said, the chief danger lay in taking cold through exposure to the open air, and, of course, in the risk run by seconds and spectators from strayed shots and random sword-play.

If Lord Kimberley and other noblemen, however, wish to revive duelling, we strongly commend some of the earlier methods shown, as far more picturesque and satisfying to outraged feelings.

THE PLAYHOUSES

Garrick Theatre

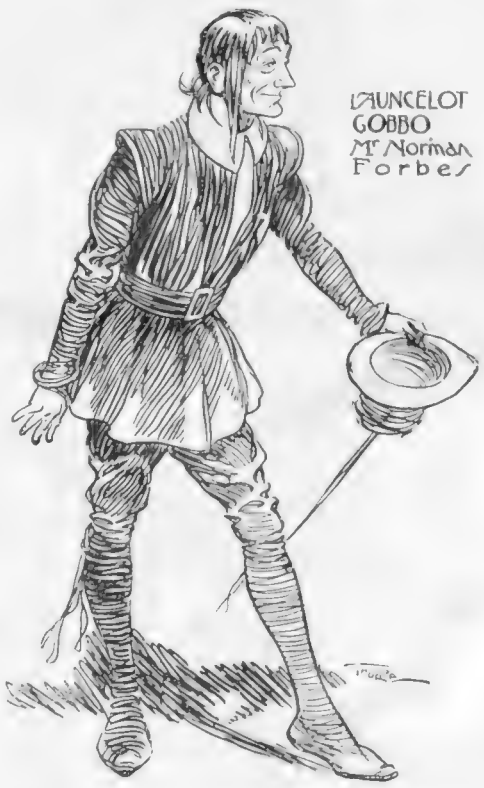
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"

For reasons best known to himself, Mr Bourchier has been in no hurry to produce a Shakespearean play during his career as an actor-manager. Now that he has taken the plunge and has come to the surface smiling, we may look forward to seeing him breast the deep waters of the Bard with confidence. In England we take our Shakespeare rather too seriously. It should be the most natural thing in the world for the works of the Master to be produced at all times and all seasons without the feeling that by such productions managers were flying in the face of Providence. This feeling still exists, though, fortunately, the bad old maxim that Shakespeare spells ruin no longer obtains. There is too much reverence for Shakespeare, and too little appreciation. It was quite a shock to many playgoers to realise, after the production at the Adelphi Theatre last year, that *The Taming of the Shrew* is one of the maddest and merriest farces in the English language. Many people looked down their noses, and murmured, "horse-play;" others muttered, "un-Shakespearean," but the more sensible laughed immoderately at the production. Fortunately, the cant about Shakespeare, like all other cants, cannot exist long without being exposed. And now that we take a less exalted view of Shakespeare's plays, we shall begin to enjoy them the more.

Last year might be termed, in the dramatic sense, the Hamlet Year. I look forward to a Petruchio and Katharine Year, when it is to be hoped that Mr. Bourchier and Miss Irene Vanbrugh shall enter into friendly competition with all comers.

Mr. Bourchier's Forewords

But one must put aside the thing that may be for the thing that is, viz., the Garrick production of *The Merchant of Venice*. It is beautifully staged, with the care and thought which one could only expect from the producer.



Mr. Bourchier has realised for us the expectation which we formed from his foreword on the subject. There have been forewords—but that is another story. Mr. Bourchier gave us notice of a Trial Scene based on the historical truth that scenes in an Italian Court of Law were from the excitable nature of the Italian temperament, more animated than any to which modern British Law Court frequenters are accustomed. This was one of the principal points made by Mr. Bourchier during an interview prior to the production. He referred, too, in this interview to his conception of the rôle of Shylock. He promised us a Shylock actuated far more by his hatred and desire for vengeance against the Christian race than by his love of money. Here, again, Mr. Bourchier gave us a truthful forecast. Indeed, he struck the note of avarice too feebly. Reference to his ducats did not, in the case of the new Shylock bring out much passion. Mr. Bourchier's Shylock was a Jew who cared little for the price he had to pay in order to be avenged upon his enemies. The result of this reading of the character was to weaken the earlier, while it strengthened the later, scenes. There was little force in the lines (indeed, they are against the sense of Mr. Bourchier's reading):—

> I hate him, for he is a Christian;
> But more, for that, in low simplicity,
> He lends out money gratis, and brings down
> The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

On the other hand, great emphasis is given to the passage in the Trial Scene, when Shylock refuses double the sum named in his bond:—

> If every ducat in six thousand ducats
> Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
> I would not draw them. I would have my bond.

Shylock and Portia

Mr. Bourchier's Shylock was at all times a deeply interesting personality. The actor gave us a portrait skilfully drawn, with the finish of touch which one expects from an artist such as he. The worst one can

say of the new Shylock is that he is not endowed with the Italian temperament. When he rages, we are reminded, not of the passionate Latins, but of a Teuton under the influence of an honest indignation. The new Shylock arouses our interest, but he does not obsess our imagination. We shall always recall his features, but he will never haunt us.

Miss Vanbrugh was a very winning figure as Portia. Probably owing to nervousness, she was inclined to be rather too dramatic in the Trial Scene. Indeed, the stage management of this scene had the effect of making Portia too prominent a figure. It was rather a shock to one's notions of the fitness of procedure in a Court of Law to see the learned doctor mount the steps of the judicial bench and stand right in front of the Duke in order to harangue the Court. The scene would have been better balanced had Portia not exceeded the privileges of the legal character she was impersonating. Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw made a picturesque Antonio, and Mr. Norman Forbes was amusing as Launcelot Gobbo, but he must take care to keep his eccentricities of mannerism within bounds. He threatens to go over the border.

Wyndham's Theatre

"PUBLIC OPINION"

Mr. R. C. Carton is a very deft workman. So deft is he that he does not trouble about new materials. He can fashion a most hilarious entertainment out of materials which have done duty again and again. Here is an abridged scenario of *Public Opinion*. For the sake of brevity the names of the performers are given instead of the characters :—

Act I.—Henry Kemble, Charles Allan, Athol Stewart have written compromising letters to Miss Annie Hughes, plaintiff in a breach of promise action against Charles Crawford. The three letter-writers come and consult George Giddens (solicitor). They have met the fair Miss Hughes masquerading under different names. So has Giddens. So there are four gentlemen eager to get their letters back. Giddens supplies the other three with the address of Miss Hughes's flat.

Act II.—All adjourn to the flat and hunt for the letters. But they are forestalled by Miss Compton, who, acting for Athol Stewart (her brother), hides in the flat and sees where the letters are concealed. She carries them off, leaving in their place a silver sandwich-box belonging to Fred Kerr.

Act III.—Same hunt for the letters by same parties transferred to Fred Kerr's rooms.

Many a playwright who attempted to work upon this scenario would reduce an audience to tears of boredom. Mr. Carton and an excellent cast succeeded in keeping the audience in fits of laughter. Moreover, thin as the story is, the third act is the best.

Mr. Fred Kerr is most humorous when playing an irritable character. In *Public Opinion* he is at his irritable best. Mr. Henry Kemble, a picture of outraged dignity, cut an exceedingly comic figure as the judge. Mr. George Giddens, that experienced actor of farce, helped the fun along, and kept things at high pressure. Mr. Hubert Druce had an excellent "bit" in the last act. The part of the man-servant is quite small, but it is not too much to say that the manner in which he acted as an irritant upon Mr. Kerr did much to make the last act as bright as it was. Miss Compton was as incisive as usual.

Pity the Poor Duchess

Truth has unearthed a gem from an Italian newspaper concerning the Duchess of Sutherland. The Italian scribe, after describing how The Boucicault broke the news of the real authorship of the play to The Robertson by driving up in a splendid auto with the Duchessa di Shuterland, proceeds :—

"Now that it is known that *Il Conquisatore* is written by a Duchessa, the Scala Theatre is full every night, to the great joy of The Robertson, for the English frequenters of theatres feel it their duty to go to see a play that has for its authoress a Duchessa."

Which would be very illuminating if it were true.

E. C. S.

A Novel Theatrical Company

FINANCED, MANAGED, AND RUN BY AMERICAN WOMEN

(Mailed by our Correspondent in America)

The American woman is proud in the knowledge that she can stand alone without the support of mere man. She has taken her place in the world of affairs, and now she is to prove that she can run, entirely on her own, that most difficult of businesses—a theatre. Miss Gertrude Haynes is at the head of a Company which will present a woman's play, written by a woman dramatist, financed by a woman "angel" (this is as it should be). Advance agent, doorkeeper, treasurers, scene-shifters, attendants—all will be of the fair sex.

Miss Haynes is one of the best-known new stars in the country, her "Choir Celestial" having been presented in all of the theatres of the big circuits. She was the originator of the religious act on the stage, and has won both fame and fortune. But let her speak of her own project :—

"My determination to use women stage hands, advance women, and ticket-takers, is not a freak notion," said Miss Haynes. "I have tried women for the work and found them better than men. They are faithful, work harder, and can always be trusted to be on hand. And that is more than can be said for some of the men who have been in my employ.

"My sister, Miss Tessie Haynes, went out as my advance agent two years ago, and her success was remarkable. No man ever did so well for me. And it wasn't six months before she was engaged."

Some of Miss Tessie Haynes's experiences were

In the Treasurer's office, where the "ghost" walks every Friday

For the benefit of the uninitiated, it should be explained that the payment of salaries is referred to in the profession by the spiritual simile of a ghost walking

Miss Gertrude Haynes directing the setting of the scenes

more strenuous than most men in the same position are called upon to undergo. In Chicago, she encountered a strike of bill-posters, and could not get the Company paper out. Finding that appeals to the strikers availed nothing, the plucky little woman determined to put up her own bills. Hiring a wagon, she went out supplied with paste bucket and brush, and posted the bills.

Her action caught the fancy of the men, who cheered her bravery, and her bills were not disturbed. She has the record of being the only woman bill-poster in the world.

Miss Gertrude Haynes is not exactly preparing for trouble, but she is prepared to meet it if it comes. The man who thinks to have a joke at her expense will "get left," as his countrymen say.

Thus: "My property woman weighs 160 pounds, is strong and vigorous, and can hustle a trunk if necessary," declares the indomitable manageress. Nor will she stand any love-making nonsense to interfere with the work in what she calls her "Adamless Eden."

"No, my doorkeeper won't flirt with the men. She is a fine, handsome woman with grey hair, inexpressibly dignified, and no man will take liberties with her. At least, I pity the one that tries."

Man will not be entirely banished from the Company. He will be suffered to play the male rôles, but otherwise will be quite subordinate. Listen to this strike-loving scene-shifter of the sterner sex!

"I expect to get a cleaner production by reason of my woman stage director. A woman is naturally artistic. She will not take more time to set the stage than a man, but it will be done infinitely better.

"My artists would fall down every night if I did not go after the men and smooth the wrinkles out of the carpet. A woman would never do such clumsy work."

Miss Tessie Haynes, sister of the manageress, acting as a bill-poster

Miss Haynes' final word breathes the very spirit of determination. "I have always come off ahead in our battles, and I'm sure that my new venture of an Adamless troupe will succeed."

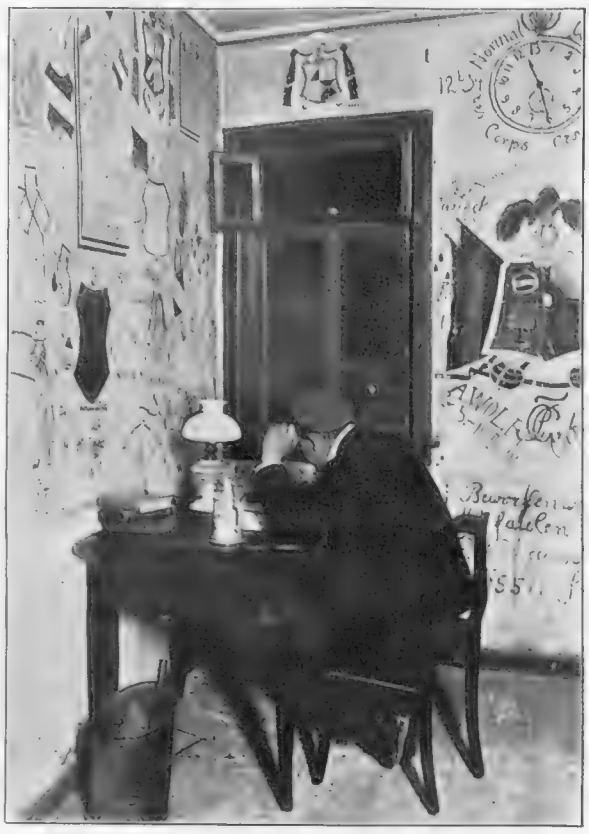
Members of the manless theatrical company engaged in scene-shifting

"Man," said Miss Haynes, "will not be entirely banished from the Company. He will be suffered to play male rôles"

The German Students' Gaol

SCENES IN THE "KARZER," OR LOCK-UPS, OF JENA UNIVERSITY

For sheer mirth and jollity the devil-may-care existence of a student at a German University is hard to beat. Life to him is one huge joke, and his view of life is shown by the old student song: "Es giebt kein schöneres Leben als Studentenleben, wie es Bacchus und Gambrinus schuf"—"The finest life is a student's life, as created by Bacchus and Gambrinus (the god of beer)." When, in the exuberance of his animal spirits, he offends against the laws of the University, he takes the punishment as part of the fun, and gets a good deal of amusement out of it. In the quaint old-world town of Jena, one among the chief sights of the place are the Karzer, or lock-ups, where generations of students have sat in durance vile. The two oldest, now no longer used, owe their continued existence to Goethe, who exerted himself for their preservation when they were condemned to be pulled down many years ago The walls are covered with the handiwork of the well-known caricaturist, Disteli, when a student in 1822, and the life-sized figures represent the professors of the period, with their wives. The newer Karzer, still a favourite haunt of the high-spirited youth of Jena, are less artistically decorated, but the rough sketches, rhymes, mottoes, and epigrams, which fill up every inch of the walls, afford an interesting insight into the "Studentenleben" of our time. Confinement in the Karzer is certainly not ma ked by any refinement of cruelty, for the students who are condemned to "sit," as the euphemistic term goes, are allowed to exchange visits, to play cards, and smoke, and are given three



The New Lock-up: A German student in durance vile

Prisoners are allowed to exchange visits, play cards, and smoke. Besides loss of liberty, the only other punishment is that they are confined to three glasses of beer a day

Mural decorations in the "Karzer" at Jena University

The interior of the "Karzer" is a veritable gallery of student art, and the walls are covered with sketches, rhymes, epigrams, and other humorous efforts

Pictures on the Prison Walls: The Rape of the Sabines

The life-sized figures represent the professors of the period and their wives, the work of the well-known caricaturist, Disteli, a student at Jena in 1822

glasses of beer a day. Soon these lock-ups will be a thing of the past, for within the next two years they must be cleared away to make room for an extension of the University, and it is doubtful whether this picturesque side of University life in Jena will be revived.

Pictures on the Prison Walls: Marius on the Ruins at Carthage

Another example of student wit at the expense of the professors. The preservation of the old "Karzer" is due to Goethe, who intervened to save them from destruction

Photo by]

A FINE VIEW OF CALCUTT

The chief city of our Indian Empire, and the "commercial capital of Asia," is of very striking appearance, and contains many fine buildings. In the foreground of the above picture is shown the Maidan, a fine garden, fronted by palaces, including that of the Viceroy, and other imposing buildings, known as the Hyde Park of India. Calcutta is especially interesting now, in the light of th to India, and it is also the centre of the ..ifa into effect by Lord Curzon. One of the reasons to prolong his stay in India was to carry ou

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THE "CITY OF PALACES"

the approaching visit of the Prince of Wales
itation against the partition of Bengal carried
ns given by the retiring Viceroy for wishing
a series of reforms in Calcutta itself. The city is just emerging from an evil reputation as a city of "palaces in front of pig-sties," by which it is meant, that while the European quarter is spacious and imposing, the native districts are squalid, ill-paved, and badly lighted. Improvements, however, have been rapidly pushed forward, and in a few years India will have reason to be proud of her capital.

OUR SHORT STORY

Unrehearsed

By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

The two Englishmen sat together The firelight showed also three Americans, a Canadian, and a man who said he was descended from the Irish kings. Everyone was reading their mail except the Royal being, who was dexterously spitting at one knot on a log and hitting it every trip, proving thereby that, if his pedigree was hazy, his eye was dead true.

George Princh, the round-faced Englishman, gave a queer chuckle of delight, his face broadened into a happy grin.

"The Royal Family run out of stamps, I guess," said one of the Americans to the Irishman.

"Chuck ut."

Philip Hanstead, the lean, thin Englishman, said in a low voice, "Well, I'm absolutely blowed to blazes."

"I'm a bit pushed off the earth myself," said the third American, bunching a letter in his shirt pocket.

George Princh gave another gurgling noise, and his face became wreathed in smiles.

"Hold his head," said the first American. "Push that smile back, George, or you'll split your face."

"Boys!" George said, "I'm going home."

The men straightened their positions quickly.

"Nothing up with the kid, is there," said one.

"Good Lord, no!" said George.

A sigh of relief went up. George's baby was a sort of camp mascot. Every three weeks for the last five years the men, now in one place now in another, had gathered together over their mail. Every three weeks they had been called upon to laugh or grow agonised over the doings of George's baby. They had suffered measles with him, whooping cough, short frocks, bruised limbs, teeth, and all the evils that the youthful flesh is heir to. They had grinned when they were at work on the lumber camp over his quaint sayings. They had worried, as they watched the logs float down the river, over his infantile diseases. George's baby stood for a good deal to these men; they hardly knew why, they hardly questioned themselves about the matter, but George, the Smiler as they called him, was the only married man in the gang, and they had stuck together for five years in this lonely part of British Columbia, so George, and George's wife, and George's baby played, almost unconsciously, a great part in their lives.

If George was to be believed, his wife was a moral Whiteley. She had every virtue that the world desires or holds. She had beauty——

"She's a peach, ain't she, George?"

"My good chap, she's a bally orchard," would be his reply.

She had a little money——

"Keeps herself, don't she, George?"

"Never written to me for a ha'penny."

She could sew; the men knew that, hadn't she sent over some dress shirts, "made with her own hands," so she wrote, one for each of George's friends. Dress shirts! Dress shirts in a lumber camp! Well the thought was the thing. One thing about the shirts puzzled the men, out of the back of each shirt was cut a little square hole. The Americans decided this was a cunning idea for hanging the shirts up. Philip alone knew, the parcel had been addressed to "the English friend of George Princh," and he had opened them in his cabin, and there had carefully removed the name of the makers. "A harmless little bit of deceit," he thought.

She could sing, could George's wife, sing like a nightingale.

"Been under a good teacher, ain't she, George?"

"Yes, she had been well taught."

That was one of George's secrets, a secret he shared with Philip Hanstead. George's wife had been professionally engaged. "Used to sing in Halls, you know," George had told him, "and she gave it up for me. Gave it up and settled down—and, by Jingo, old man, she did a lot, you know. I'm sometimes worried, about a week before every mail, to think she may be a bit dull. What do you think?"

"She's got the kid," Philip said.

"Yes, she's got the kid, hasn't she? and I think she gives music lessons or something. You know, Phil, she—she used to sing in Halls."

"Yes, I know that."

"I mean—well, Music Halls. Oh, quite proper, old chap—evening dress, you know, not too low, long gloves, a skirt with a long thingamy——"

"Train."

"Yes, yes, that's it! 'Daddy,' you know, and 'Snowdrop,' and 'Home, Sweet Home,' quite decent. Of course, poor girl—I wish you'd seen her, Phil—she was awfully hard up when her mother died. So she had to do something."

"Oh, I quite understand that."

"But when I met her—— Did I ever tell you how I met her?"

"I forget, perhaps you did." A good friend, Phil!

"I went by myself to the Pav. I was bored and tired, and I wanted a bit of a bust. I sat through half the turns, laughing and so on, but I'd seen most of the show before. Then up came number ten. I looked at my programme. 'Letitia Lavendar—the Beautiful Ballad Singer.' 'I'll get a drink during this,' I thought, and was just getting up from my seat when SHE came on—this doesn't bore you, old chap?"

"Go on."

"I sat down at once. I forgot my drink, I forgot everything—the people, the smoke, London, the world. She was dainty, sweet, just a dear little English girl in a simple white dress. She went off, and I applauded with the rest of the house, and after the rest of the house, until some fat fool asked me to

(All rights strictly reserved) (Continued on page 134)

NIGHTMARE AS NEMESIS

Mr. Shallow, J.P., after a field-day upon the Bench, during which he has mulcted motorists to the tune of several hundreds of pounds, dreams that he is upon the Ripley road in circumstances illustrated above

DRAWN BY P. W. BRADSHAW

(Continued from page 132)

shut up. In the end, after days of nervous waiting, I got to know Mary, that's her real name; but I needn't remind you of that."

At this point Philip generally dropped off to sleep. These confidences took place, as a rule, when they had turned in. He shared a cabin with George.

The Yanks were pretty tough, but they stuck Mary and the baby for a year, then they ceased to joke about them; after three years they became very fond of her, in their way. She sent them a hamper at Christmas, she sent illustrated papers addressed to "The Boys." She mothered the camp from her home—by post. "The baby," they were told, "could say all their names. Baby asked after Mr. Billock or Mr. O'Flune."

"You don't think she frets awfully after the old life, do you, Phil?" George asked one day.

"Why should she?"

"Well, you see, old chap, suppers and lots of—well, lots of admiration and—oh! well, all the gaiety. I don't think she does, you know; her letters don't look like it, do they? I married her and took her to rooms—we couldn't run to anything else—and my people cut up frightfully, and then my uncle cut my allowance, and I had to scrape some money together and come out here."

"Don't you worry, Smiler," Philip had said, "I expect she's all right."

And here was George waving a letter in the air and saying that he was going home, and Philip saying he was absolutely blowed to blazes.

"Say, why, how?" asked one of the Americans.

"Boys! Oh, good Lord, fancy me in plug hat again! My uncle—I suppose I ought not to be so beastly glad—my uncle is no more."

"Puffed?"

"Slipped his cable and left me five hundred a year. This, you blinking owls, is a solicitor's letter."

"'Oh, Willie, we shall miss you,'" said a Yank.

"I'm sorry, but I'm glad you're going," said O'Flune.

"I'm going home too," said Philip, "but I'm simply pipped to the world—they've pulled down Jimmies."

"Why are you going, and who the Hadés is Jimmy?' Eli Billock said.

"Never heard of Jimmies—why man, every blooming Englishman who sits in camp and dreams of home thinks of Jimmies and Piccadilly."

"Then I'll bet it's a bar," said O'Flune, who had never been to London.

"You're right, Paddy. I meant to have a ripping bust there. Oh, well!"

George was in a tremor of excitement. He grasped Philip by the hand. "Good old Phil, we'll go together."

The Canadian, who was a silent man, broke into "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." The evening ended, after the chorus of this had been sung until everybody had made their voices husky, by George endeavouring to give "Home, Sweet Home." After the first verse, O'Flune said, "Chuck ut" in such a queer voice that George stopped at once.

The more sober of those who had been spared to see them off, came on to the train and said their last farewells. O'Flune, who was being held down in the shed that posed as railway station, was telling the man who held him down all about the Irish kings. It was a correct send-off.

It was not until they were on the boat and leaving New York Harbour that George told his friend that he was going to take his wife by surprise.

"You'll see, my boy," he said, "that darling angel will be putting the boy to bed—the servant leaves at nine; she doesn't sleep in, you know—and the house will look as clean as a new pin, and—oh, my aunt, I shall go off my head before I get there, I believe."

"Rather a shame to take her by surprise, isn't it? She might be ill, or have too much of a shock."

"My dear chap" said George, "the sympathy between us is so marvellous that I am almost sure she will guess I'm coming."

"Well, it's your funeral," said Philip.

"I've got the key of the house," George said, producing his latchkey, "and I shall let myself in. You've no idea the silly things I've said to that key in the last five years. Sort of thought of it as if it were a person."

"I daresay," Philip replied, "you are all right. I've got to go to a hotel and wait three days for my precious brother."

They arrived in London at night. The Liverpool train steamed into Euston at five minutes past nine. George Princh's excitement in the train had been too great for words, but as they got out on to the platform, he said to Philip, in a half hesitating way, "I say, Phil, you must feel beastly lonely; let's wire to Mary to expect both of us."

"Not for the world, Smiler, not for anything. I'm going to have a colossal bust. Dinner somewhere, and then rush into the Empire for the tail end of the show, then supper, I suppose."

They both laughed.

George drove off in a cab, leaving an astonished porter with half a sovereign in his hand. For a moment Philip thought of wiring on his own account to Mrs. Princh. The next moment a man pinched his arm: "Hanstead!" "Armitage—good Lord!"—— So they went off together on a colossal bust.

George dismissed the cabman—his luggage was left at the station—and walked up the little path to his own front door with mingled feelings of excitement and fear. He opened the door, and turned on the electric light. Yes, these were his own things—the hat-rack, the few prints, the same chairs. There were some letters on the hall-table for his wife. A sudden gasp of disappointment came over him. She was out.

He felt like a burglar in his own house; the child was sleeping upstairs; should he wake him? No, let them both see the baby together—his own son, six years old. How funny it all seemed! He turned out the light in the hall, and went into the dining-room. It was better furnished than he had left it, but then he had been doing well for some time, and had been able to send his wife some money over every now and again.

There was a fire banked up in the grate, for it was early Spring and cold at night; a decanter of whisky and two glasses and a syphon of soda-water stood on the table.

(Continued on page 136)

MODERN EDUCATION

"Teacher says that this is the animal when its enemy chases it buries 'isself in the sand and waits till 'is son gets 'im out wiv a hatchet"

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL

(Continued from page 134)

With a smile, George noticed the carelessness of the servant, and he put one of the glasses away in a cupboard of the sideboard. Then he turned out the light and sat by the fire to revel in his homecoming thoughts.

The London street sounds were very pleasant to him, the 'buses passing the end of the street, the rattling, jingling cabs, the Cockney voices, all made him realise that he was at home.

He wondered if his wife had missed her gay life very much without his company to help her to do without it. He heard his coals shift in his fire in his house and he felt very happy. The time went on and he grew impatient; eleven; half-past eleven; perhaps she was at a dance or with some woman at a theatre—Mrs. Arkway she had written about or Mrs. Jelland.

At half-past twelve a cab turned down the street. He felt a sudden fright. He felt that he might shock her too much. What a fool he had been not to wire to her. Then he heard her voice say to the driver, "Stop here, please." Hurriedly he looked about him, and, seeing a screen by the door, he got behind it.

Steps came up the path, the cab drove away, a key was fitted into the lock. There was someone with her. Thank God, one of these women who would know what to do if she fainted. Then steps came along the hall, and then the dining-room door opened and someone came in and switched on the electric light. His wife's voice said, "I say, come in." He peered very cautiously round the screen.

There stood his wife, Mary Pinch, once Letitia Lavendar of the Halls, and with her was Philip Hanstead rather drunk.

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

DIGNIFIED DAMSEL: "Some of these people are queer—to say the least of it!"
MODEST MAIDEN: "Are they? But of course you know them all!"

DRAWN BY T. A. SMITH

A Charming One-Act Play at the Scala

Photo by *Isaac Cantoni Smith*

Miss Gertrude Elliott as "Carrots"

Carrots, in which Miss Elliott appears with her husband, Mr. Forbes Robertson, is now being played at the Scala Theatre in front of *For the Crown*. This charming little play tells a story of husband and wife, and their child, "Carrots." The woman is a shrew, and her husband is very unhappy. "Carrots" is unhappy, too, in the household. His father, realising this, is drawn towards "Carrots," and consoles himself for his estrangement from his wife by the love for his son

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

GENERAL LITERATURE

"The Guide to Fairyland." Written and illustrated by Dion Clayton Calthrop. (Alston Rivers: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins (Baron Brampton)." Cheap edition. (Edward Arnold: 6*s.*)

"Notes from My South Sea Log." By Louis Becke. (Werner Laurie: 6*s.* net.)

"Gesta Romanorum." Translated by Charles Swan. (Routledge's Early Novelists' Library: 6*s.* net.)

"Wood Myth and Fable." Written and illustrated by Ernest Thompson Seton. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Waters of Destruction." By Mrs. Alice Perrin. (Chatto and Windus.)

"Dilys." By Mrs. F. E. Penny. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

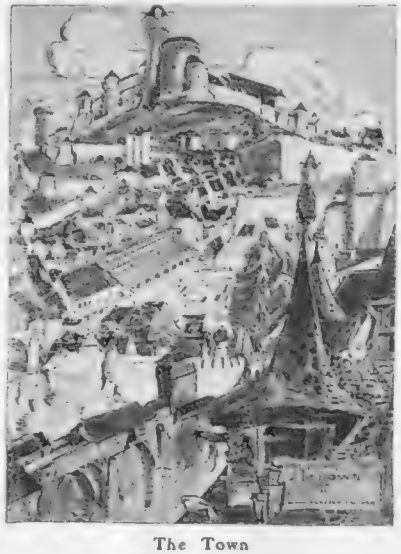
"Lady Jim of Curzon Street." By Fergus Hume. (Werner Laurie: 6*s.*)

"The Last Chance." By Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"A Spur to Smite." By G. B. Lancaster. (Melrose: 6*s.*)

"The Brown Eyes of Mary." By Madame Albanesi. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

It is seldom that one week brings forth such a crop of good books as it has been our fortune to read this week. We still have Lucas's *Lamb* by us, and in another "dip," lasting over a whole evening, came across many more features of interest which make us regard this great biographical effort from several new aspects. Lamb and his friends, their pleasures and oftentimes, it must be confessed, their follies, are always before us; and, reading between the lines, a perfect picture of life at the end of the eighteenth and at the beginning of the nineteenth century is built up. And particularly interesting are the topographical references to Pressmen and others, whose lot it is to spend the greater part of their lives in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street and the Temple. Mr. Lucas laments the fact that Charles Lamb's memory has been treated shabbily by posterity, for there is only one public memorial to him, and that is "The joint tablet to Cowper, Keats, and Lamb himself in Edmonton churchyard." Yet, so long as the Temple stands, we venture to think that Elia will need no other monument, for it was here that he was born, at No. 2, Crown Office Row, and "The iron gates, dated 1730, leading to the garden opposite, are the same through which the curious, thoughtful boy must often have peered or wandered." But if the Temple has not altered greatly, Fleet Street and the Strand, we fear, would hardly be recognisable by Charles Lamb, could he now see them. On another page we reproduce an illustration showing St. Dunstan's Church and that portion of Fleet Street, as it then was, with Temple Bar (now a time-honoured relic in a private park) still standing. It will be noted that "The Street," as it is familiarly called, was wider at that spot than now, for houses have been built out to its level in the roadway since then, almost closing in the church, in which, in former days, Tyndale, the translator of the Bible, and Dr. Donne, the poet, preached, and in which Isaac Walton, and later, Charles Lamb, often attended service. Lamb's love for Fleet Street never deserted him. After a visit to the Lake District, he wrote:—



The Town

From "The Guide to Fairyland," by Dion Clayton Calthrop
(Reproduced by kind permission of Alston Rivers)

> After all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than among Skiddaw. Still I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year—two, three years, among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know.

If you have not read Lucas's *Lamb*, do so at once, as you are missing something.

In Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop's *Guide to Fairyland* one does not know which to admire most—the witty quaintness of Mr. Calthrop's writing, or the laughter-compelling drawings with which the book is plentifully interspersed. Both achieve their object, for after reading two or three pages, and after dwelling for a few moments upon the delightful drawing of the paper-boat in which the journey to Fairyland is made, the elderly reader rubs his eyes to find out whether he's awake, and then proceeds to curse himself for being so childish as to believe in it all. It is said of most books that they contain, somewhere or other, some portrait of the author, though in few is this so ingenuously evident as in the *Guide to Fairyland*, where, 'neath the frowning delineaments of "The witch herself," on page 125, we seem to see the cheerful face of the author as we know him in real life. However, we may be mistaken, and perhaps Mr. Calthrop will not thank us for pointing this out It seems a poor way of showing our gratitude for a delightful book. We have been the journey to Fairyland, and words fail to express our admiration for what, in very truth, might be called this "Baby's Baedeker." There are many things in it that children will not

understand—that is, children of tender years—yet elderly children, say, of from thirty to forty years of age, will linger over it all, and will reconstruct "shadowy recollections" in a manner that was impossible before the advent of this guide. We have been with Captain Bullfinch to The Town, and have met The Princess, The Miller's Third Son, The Dwarf, The Witch, The Good Aunt, The Giant, and The Enchantress, and have come back feeling the fresher in our ideas after this intellectual holiday.

A striking contrast is afforded between ancient and modern fables in two books which we have just read together: *Gesta Romanorum* (Routledge: 6*s.* net) and *Wood Myth and Fable*, by Ernest Thompson Seton (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.* net). The interest of the first appeals chiefly to students of literature, for it consists of a series of "entertaining moral tales invented by the monks as a fireside recreation, and commonly applied in their discourses from the pulpit, whence the most celebrated of our own poets and others have extracted their plots." As a quarry for authors to hunt up "skeletons," the *Gesta Romanorum* has had no rival, for such writers as Boccaccio and Chaucer and others down to Schiller and Rosetti have all drawn material from its pages. But *Wood Myth and Fable* is new, and speaks to us of our times, or rather, being American in its authorship, of a few years hence. Morals are drawn from the series of up-to-date fables given, and the morals are as funny as those in the *Gesta Romanorum*, though for a different reason. Here are a few culled at random:—"A good substitute for wisdom has not yet been discovered"; "Any fool can improve on creation"; "The prize is always at the end of the trail"; "Splitting rails will not make an Abraham Lincoln." All of which will be conceded, as will the truth of the following verse, which we cannot help quoting, and with which we take leave of Mr. Seton's entertaining book, which, by the way, is illustrated with another series of his little "thumbnail" drawings:—

> When appetite and food are given,
> The two together make a heaven;
> But leave out one and strange to tell,
> The other by itself is hell.

G. F. J.

Fleet Street, showing St. Dunstan's Church as it was when Lamb was a boy

(Reproduced by kind permission of Methuen and Co., publishers of "The Life of Charles Lamb," by E. V. Lucas)

GOSSIP ABOUT BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

Two Indian Novels

Some little time ago I had occasion to comment upon the increasing number of novels whose action takes place "East of Suez." The East is still a-calling to some purpose, for two of the most recent arrivals on my table are tales of Indian life, and both excellent stories to boot. Beyond the fact that "The Waters of Destruction," by Mrs. Alice Perrin, and "Dilys," by Mrs. F. E. Penny, are the work of ladies familiar with Anglo-Indian life, and both distinctly gifted in the art of story-telling, they have little in common. There is a stronger note of passion in the writing of Mrs. Perrin than in that of Mrs. Penny, and the verve with which she tells her story helps to carry it off in a way that Mrs. Penny does not aim at, the latter being, in her style, and perhaps in her personality also, a little more reserved. Both of these novels, however, ought to have some considerable success, and I have no hesitation in recommending them to my readers. "The Waters of Destruction" is, in plot at least, by no means unusual, and might be described as the typical problem novel of Anglo-Indian life, involving, as it does, the old question of the difficulties that must inevitably arise when the English official mates with a native wife. Mrs. Perrin, however, treats this subject with great ability, and with none of that morbidness with which it is associated in a certain well-advertised book. The title of her novel is a happy and appropriate one, being the English of the native "Kalinadi," the name of a river in Western India, just below the Portuguese territory of Goa, and on the banks of which the chief scenes of the story are laid.

"Dilys"

Mrs. Penny's novel is notable for at least two things. In the first place the plot, though involved, is most ingenious, and the important part played in the story by the Indian gypsies introduces a somewhat new element into the fiction of the East. If I were baldly to outline the rather extraordinary experiences of the heroine, it might be thought that Mrs. Penny was unduly taxing one's credulence; but such is not the case, or, at all events, her ingenuity

is equal to making us accept every episode with approval. There is a charming play of quiet humour throughout the whole story, which makes it extremely fresh and agreeable reading. Both of these novels, by the way, are issued by the same publishing house—Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

"Lady Jim of Curzon Street"

The concern of some of our modern novelists for the spiritual welfare of modern society is very touching. Whether it is calculated to have any lasting results on the people who stand most in need of enlightenment, is a matter of some doubt. This missionary zeal seems to have affected even Mr. Fergus Hume, who is erroneously supposed to deal only in mystery and sensation; for his latest story, "Lady Jim of Curzon Street" (Werner Laurie: 6*s.*), is an excellent study of that phase of modern life which is so obvious to those who can but look a little below the surface—the deadening effects of frivolity on the devotees of Fashion. Although in no sense "preachy," Mr. Hume's novel is one that "gives us to think," and he has succeeded in combining a very interesting story with an amount of accurate character delineation which may be something of a surprise to those who only look to him for novels *à la* "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," with which, a good many years back, he leapt into fame.

Mr. Louis Becke

One of the leading Colonial novelists, whose "Notes from My South Sea Log" has just been issued

The Art of Allegory

The art of writing allegory is one of the most ancient, as it is one of the most difficult, forms of literature to render popular. It has few exponents in these matter-of-fact days. It is a little field of letters in which Mr. Coulson Kernahan stands almost alone. At one time it looked as if Mrs. Olive Schreiner might have been expected to become a popular writer of this kind of imaginative fiction; but she has disappointed us in many ways. Mr. Kernahan, however, goes on from one success to another, and each new booklet of his seems to be so great an advance on its predecessor that it is difficult to imagine his improving upon it. Certainly, this is the case in respect to "A World Without a Child," which I have just been reading with keen appreciation. It is even better than "The Face Beyond the Door," which, when I read it, I hardly hoped him to improve upon. The imaginative scheme of the little work is boldness itself, and only in the hands of one who is a consummate artist in words could it have been justified. We are to conceive a state of society in which, through womenkind shrinking from the burden of motherhood, all things become degraded, and the punishment meted out from on high is, that no more children shall be born. In the most masterly manner does the author depict for us the awfulness of a social state in which there is nothing but decay and no new birth. At last, through prayer and Divine compassion, comes regeneration, and we are left with the dreamer seeing a vision of a bright future heralded by the promise of a little child. While Mr. Kernahan's art is essentially didactic, it is art none the less, and the little book, genuinely poetic in conception, is written in beautifully polished and living prose. It ought to have a sale out of all proportion to its size.

Mrs. Alice Perrin

A clever author of Indian stories, of which "The Waters of Destruction" is specially recommended

Mr. Louis Becke

The Antipodes insist on coming uppermost in my recent reading. Here, again, I have a note on a new book by Mr. Louis Becke, who is quite my favourite writer among the colonial novelists. "Notes from My South Sea Log" (Laurie: 6*s.* net.) has even a greater charm than his stories, as these descriptions of his personal experiences in the adventurous years when he sailed the South Seas as a supercargo are quite as vivid as his fiction, and have the added interest of actuality. Nothing that Mr. Becke has written is lacking in the touch of a strong and original personality, and some of his shorter stories, such as "Rodman, the Boat-Steerer," and those in "By Reef and Palm," are bound to take a high place in the literature of the South Seas. It would be altogether finnicking criticism to point out that Mr. Becke is none too careful in certain points of grammar, when he can give us so copiously of the red things of life. J. A. H.

The Cream of Fox-hunting

BY OUR HUNTING CORRESPONDENT

The Shires

One occasionally comes across the Provincial hunting man who, well satisfied with the sport his own hounds provide and unable himself to spend even a part of the season in Leicestershire, is apt to pooh-pooh the virtues of the Shires as a hunting paradise. "Don't talk to me of your crack packs, and your Thatchers, and your seas of grass," he will tell you complacently, "you ought to have been in that hour and a half with the Blankshire last month. That was quite good enough for me." One can hardly refrain from admiring his unswerving loyalty to the local pack, and hunting would certainly be in a bad way if everyone wanted to crowd into the Shires. But it has been well said that everyone who counts himself a hunting enthusiast ought to aspire to at least one season in Leicestershire. Here, indeed, we get "the cream of fox-hunting." The abundance of grass—although it is a mistake to suppose that you have nothing but a carpet of turf to ride over in the Shires—seems to hold a stronger scent than other countries, and hounds, the finest that can be bred, are accordingly enabled to get over the ground quicker than less fortunate packs in the Provinces. The fields are big, and the fences wide apart and wonderfully varied, and if you want to see the best of the fun in Leicestershire, your horse must be the best that you can buy. The longer pedigree he has the more likely he is to carry you to the front. Hunting from Melton, you get the "cream" with a variety of packs—with the Belvoir, the Quorn, the Cottesmore, and Mr. Fernie's.

Cottesmore Hounds going to covert

Photo by] The Kildare Hounds at the Jigginstown Kennels [*Lafayette*

Baron de Robeck, the Master, is in the centre

With Mr. Fernie's

In the Midlands, the Cottesmore Hounds have probably shown the best sport of any pack during recent seasons, but Mr. Fernie's country is decidedly one of the most pleasant to hunt in. You mostly escape the giant crowds that are found at the meets of the Quorn and Cottesmore; you have one of the best Masters in the kingdom; your hounds will never be over-ridden on a good scenting day; and very little plough and woodland in proportion with the grass is encountered during a run with the Fernie. You come across a good deal of wire in some parts of the country, but it is generally plainly marked, and the farmers, on the whole, are well disposed towards the hunt. These hounds have

with its strong fences and undulating pastures, or in the Dublin country, where the enclosures are tremendous, and you have to have something exceptionally good in horses to fly the wide open ditches. Thanks to the scent-holding properties of the land and the comparative absence of wire, the Kildare, the Limerick, the Tipperary, and all the other Irish countries, have charms which compare well with any in England, and with the Galway Blazers you will cover the finest stone wall country in the world. The "Killing Kildares" are looking forward to another good season's sport under the Mastership of the Baron de Robeck, who has informed the members that he will be unable to continue in office after April next.

Photo by] Mrs. C. W. B. Fernie, wife of the well-known M.F.H. *[Whitlock*

many enthusiastic lady followers, and Mrs. C. W. B. Fernie, the wife of the Master, is one of the keenest of them all. Outside of Leicestershire, the hunting in Northamptonshire and Warwickshire is hard to beat, and the followers of the Pytchley will assure you confidently that, taking the whole season through, nowhere else can you see such sport.

The Cream of Irish Hunting

But the Irishman will have a word to say when one talks of the cream of fox-hunting. He will ask what better could be desired than a day with the Meath Hounds, when Mr. John Watson and his pack are at the top of their form. Certainly, in Ireland's Royal Shire, one can enjoy the best of sport under the most delightful conditions. It needs a patriotic native and the natural wealth of descriptive powers with which so many Irishmen are gifted, to do full justice to the charms of a gallop from the gorses of Drumderry or Ballyhist, and the joys of a "good thing" in Northern Meath,

The Blackmore Vale

There are many fine galloping countries in Yorkshire, and one of the best hunting districts in England is unquestionably the Blackmore Vale, where there is a delightful expanse of good scenting pastures, as well as a splendid supply of stout-hearted foxes. A great variety of jumps test the capacity of your hunter, and the brooks and fences and banks succeed each other very quickly. Delightful hunting, though not so much of the steeplechase order, can be enjoyed with the Duke of Beaufort's famous pack, especially in that fine stretch of vale country which saw the start of the historic Greatwood run; and in Cheshire there are some delectable tracts of grass, the pastures differing from those of Leicestershire in that they are mostly flat, while the enclosures are rather too small for absolute perfection. Other countries have their attractive features, but it is safe to say that the Leicestershire man, forced to migrate from the Shires, will never cease to wish for just one more season "over the grass."

Start of the Season

Earlier to begin than the foxhounds, many of the packs of harriers have, by this time, held their opening meets, and before the end of the month, sport with the hare will be in full swing. In Great Britain and Ireland, there are now about 140 packs of harriers, and the hunting is as popular as ever with those who delight in seeing hounds work out the intricacies and doubles of their quarry. The drive and pace so essential in the foxhound are not, of course, necessary for the harrier, who is seldom called upon to make any long points, the habit of the hare being to double first one way and then the other, perhaps finally running back on her own line. In this way a day's sport will sometimes be confined to half a dozen large farms, but there is usually plenty of fun for the field, excepting, it may be added, for those members of it who merely hunt to ride. Packs of harriers at the present time vary from the pure-bred 21-inch foxhound to the 13-inch beagle, the size depending largely upon the character of the country to be covered. In any case, the Master of Harriers has to think of Somerville's advice:—

> A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chase
> Select with judgment; nor the tim'rous hare
> O'ermatched destroy.

The Brighton Beagles

"The Squire"

One of the best-known Masters of Harriers is Mrs. Cheape, of Bentley Manor, Redditch, who, since 1892, has hunted a wide district of pasture and plough in Worcestershire and the neighbouring counties. This has been done entirely at her own expense, and the hounds are among the finest pure harriers to be found in the kingdom, having on more than one occasion carried off the highest honours of the Peterborough Harrier Show. Mrs. Cheape, who is known in her own country as "The Squire"—and she delights in the title—had the misfortune last winter to slip upon the frozen ground while walking across the stableyard, the mishap resulting in a fractured leg. We are glad to know that "The Squire" has been able to take to the saddle again, and has recently been to her estate in the Isle of Mull for a change before starting the season with the Bentley Harriers. Among other notable packs of English harriers may be mentioned the High Peak, in Derbyshire, which Colonel Robertson Aikman has brought to a high state of perfection; and the Penistone, in Yorkshire, which are considered to be the oldest pack in existence, their records going as far back as the middle of the thirteenth century.

Photo by Mrs. Cheape, the enthusiastic Master of the Bentley Harriers [*Whitlock*

Golf Notes and Notions

The Royal and Ancient Autumn Meeting

The end of the golfing season is fast approaching, and we shall soon be able to take stock of it, and note in what ways it has differed for better or worse from preceding seasons. The two great events marking its close on the Amateur and Professional side are the Autumn Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and the *News of the World* Tournament. The Autumn Meeting at St. Andrews this year has been disappointing in two ways, as compared to last year: firstly, in point of weather, which was just as atrocious this time as it was ideal in 1904; and secondly, in the scores of the winners, 84 being the best return as compared with Mr. Norman Hunter's brilliant 74 last year. Pitiless rain and a cold north-east wind blowing it into the player's face are quite sufficient to account for the falling off in play. Only those who have had to battle out against driving rain and a bitter blast at St. Andrews can know how difficult even decent golf is under such terrifying circumstances. By the time a few holes have been negotiated, player and clubs are alike soaked; grips are sponge-like and slippery, and putting becomes a labour and a sorrow. Four players tied at the score of 84, viz., Mr. Barry, the Amateur Champion, Mr. Shaw, Mr. G. C. Campbell, and Captain Burn. Mr. Barry succeeded next day in winning the first medal with a slightly better score than the previous day, and Mr. Shaw secured the second medal. Mr. Barry has thus set the seal on his reputation by winning the two great amateur events of the year, and has conclusively proved that his success in the Amateur Championship was no mere fluke, but the result of sterling golfing capacity. Mr. Shaw and Captain Burn are both old hands at the game, the former being evidently in great form this year, while the latter can always be depended upon to put up a good sound game that requires a deal of beating. Mr. G. C. Campbell is a young golfer who is just gaining his spurs. Time flies indeed, for it seems but the other day that he was toddling about the links at St. Andrews and calling to his father "to come down and have some fun in a bunker." I have no doubt that his ideas of fun on the links differ considerably now from those of that period, and that, in common with all of us, he recognises that a bunker is a grim reality, a sort of prison for the punishment of golfing sins, and that fun and a bunker, except in the case of an opponent, are sworn enemies.

The "News of the World" Tournament at Walton Heath

Braid has conclusively proved that he is the champion golfer of the year by winning the *News of the World* tournament, and, like Mr. Barry in the Amateur division, showing that he is invincible both in score and match play. Braid had his hardest struggle in his first match, when Sandy Herd took him to the nineteenth green. It must have been a curious experience for the partners in the great foursome to be so soon in the position of friendly enemies. Herd deserves a special word of congratulation for putting up such a fine fight after having had so much trouble with his knee. Rowland Jones once more showed what a fine golfer he is, by defeating Harry Vardon, and only succumbing to the ultimate winner in the semi-final round. The feature of the tournament which specially pleased me was the excellent display made by two players in whom I take a particular interest, viz., Jack Rowe and Arthur Mitchell. Only the other day they contested the final of the Sussex Golfing Union's tournament at Littlehampton, when Rowe defeated Mitchell by a small margin. Rowe helped me in laying out my private course, and sent me as my first professional, young Mitchell, then working in his shop at Ashdown Forest. During the two years that Mitchell remained with me before taking up his present position of professional to the Hastings and St. Leonards Club, I had ample opportunities of studying his play, and I soon became convinced that he held out the promise of taking the very highest rank as a player at no distant date. This promise he has now richly fulfilled by beating the great Taylor, and only losing to Tom Vardon by one in the semi-final, after having the best of the match up to the fourteenth hole. This is a great feat for so young a player, and proves that, with added experience in great competitions, the highest prizes should not be beyond his reach. His long game is sound and accurate, but his short game is even better. Both in approaching and putting he is a master of arts. His style of putting is peculiar, as he makes no arm movement at all, but draws the club back as far as the wrists will permit, the whole business of putting being done by him solely and purely with his wrists. He comes of a great golfing family, the members of which are to Ashdown Forest what the Morrises were to St. Andrews and the Parks to Musselburgh. I shall look confidently to still greater feats on Mitchell's part, and trust that he will not be missing from the ranks of players in any future Open Championship.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

New Golf Links at Bournemouth

The Mayor of Bournemouth (Mr. J. Elmes Beale) will, on the 25th inst., open, in the new Queen's Park of the borough, golf links, which leading players declare are unsurpassed in the South of England. Covering 180 acres, the Park forms a valuable addition to the many recreation grounds established by the Corporation. The land is naturally adapted for a first-class golf course of eighteen holes, and the soil is peculiarly suited for the growth of close, fine turf. The links, 6,000 yards in length, have been laid out under the supervision of Mr. J. H. Taylor, with the object of providing the severest tests for first-class golf; and, although there are no abnormally long holes—the longest being about 500 yards—the majority are between 300 and 400 yards apart. All require straight and accurate play. The hazards are artificial bunkers, placed so as to trap a bad stroke; and still more trying is the rough heather growing in abundance at the sides of the course. Messrs. Braid, Herd, Taylor, and Vardon will play the opening games on the links.

A Fine Irish Salmon Water

Photo by *Dallas*

Fishing on the River Bann at Portrea, near Kilrea

The Bann has always been famous for its salmon and trout, and it is now one of the few rivers in the United Kingdom where, at an expense of little more than a guinea, including hotel, boat, and fishing, one has an excellent chance of catching salmon and grilse—and the fish caught are the angler's property. July is usually the best month, as there is then a great run of grilse, and good sport is often enjoyed up to the end of the season. Although the fly kills well when the pools are in order for it, many more fish are killed on the prawn—not a great prawn on triangles, but a small one, not larger than a big shrimp, and on single hook. The best salmon fishing is within a walk of Kilrea, a pleasant little town set on a hill in a charming country. The scenery on the Bann often reminds one of the loveliest parts of the Thames. Some miles of the river near Kilrea can be fished by ticket, and the propriefor of the "Mercer's Arms" Hotel occasionally gets leave for visitors on private water in the district.

It might be supposed from our picture that the two trout anglers wading below the great dam at Portna are fishing in very shallow water, but it gets deeper towards the dam, and many grand pink-fleshed trout are taken here and in the fine streams and pools below, both by local anglers fishing after sunset and by visitors who can fish with dry-fly.

The Connoisseur.

ANCIENT POTTERY

The general interest in later European ceramics has so often been dealt with in these columns that we feel sure the parent ground, the Attic birthplace of so much modern work, still maintains its glamour for all students of the craft of pottery. In our time vast advances have been made in the knowledge of the subject that comes under the broad heading of Greek vases. Its study has grown into a science, and the old schools of criticism which have been called the *Etruscan*, when much that is now proved to be of Green origin was attributed to Etruria; the *artistic*, when the Greek ideal was used as an antidote to the growing floridity of taste; the *exegetic*, when the significance of the drawing was the one thing that interested, and was guessed at with avidity; the *rational*, which cleared the way for what may be called the latest, or *scientific* school. The inspiring and valuable work of our time is the first cause for the "History of Ancient Pottery," two splendid volumes which Mr. Murray has just published. This compendious undertaking is the work of an enthusiastic student of this branch of classical archæology, Mr. H. B. Walters, who has, with infinite care, brought the well-known work of Dr. Samuel Birch—last edited in 1873—into line with the present-day knowledge, which such work as the completion of the excavations of the Acropolis at Athens has made public. These books, finely illustrated with photographs and drawings of the best-known and most precious examples of the undying art of the Greeks, will prove a valuable possession to all students of Hellenic ceramics. Here, within the four covers, the archæology of one of the most alluring subjects the world of arts and crafts holds, lies compact and ready to one's hand. To mark the difference between the last edition of Dr. Birch and the first of Mr. Walters, we may note that in the former, one chapter of forty pages sufficed for the historical account of vase painting, while in the latter it extends to six chapters, or one-quarter of the whole work.

Although, as we have said, these volumes follow in the main the plan adopted by Dr. Birch, that part dealing with Oriental pottery is wisely omitted. We trust that this is done with the view of treating so vast a branch of the subject in a further volume, towards the publication of which we shall eagerly look forward. Mr. Walters is so devoted a student of ceramics, and so lucid and agreeable a writer, that a full treatise on Oriental work, which is by far the most interesting and of the highest æsthetic value the world has to show, would be exceedingly welcome from his pen.

E. M.

The Greek Kylix, by Brygos, in the Louvre. The design shows the Historic Sacking of Troy

(From Mr. H. B. Walters' "History of Ancient Pottery," just published by Mr. John Murray)

Matters Musical

Madame Melba

Madame Melba, of whom we publish a charming photograph, is, of course, the bright particular star of the autumn season of opera at Covent Garden, which has opened in such brilliant fashion. Happily, she has returned in the full possession of her unrivalled voice, and the distressing series of colds, which prevented her singing as often as usual during the regular season, seem to have vanished. The great singer's thousands of admirers all over the world will be glad to hear of the immense pleasure which has come to her in the home-coming of her son, who has returned from ranching in Canada, and who has just attained his majority. The best wishes and congratulations of her many friends, both private and public, will assuredly go with her in this her domestic happiness.

Photo by *H. Walter Barnett*

A new portrait of Madame Melba

Kubelik

Herr Kubelik gave his only violin recital, prior to his long tour round the world, on Saturday afternoon, October 7, at Queen's Hall. Needless to say, there was a huge crowd, mostly ladies! The artist has lost none of his wonderful power, and the magic of his art is as irresistible and dazzling as ever. His programme, however, was not calculated to appeal to the highest ideals of the real music-lover, but rather was it selected with the evident intention of displaying mere virtuosity. This is, indeed, a pity, because Herr Kubelik has shown that he *can* play the great classical masterpieces with both brain and sentiment, and his position is too great and assured to simply pander to popular taste. But when all is said and done, he remains unique and fascinating; in fact, just—Kubelik. Madame Ricardo sang some well-known songs intelligently, and Herr Ludwig Schwab gave invaluable aid at the piano.

"The Proms"

The Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall continue to attract crowded audiences nightly. This is as it should be, for these concerts are indeed of the very best. It is pleasant to notice how keenly people listen to the really good music. Last week, even so intricate a work as the "Symphonia Domestica" of Strauss was listened to in reverent silence. One is forced, however, to ask the question how far music of this sort will go, and whither it will lead? Time may change our ideas, as it has done in the past, but at present I must confess that the symphony is beyond me. It is a strange idea of domestic bliss, and I am not sure that I don't agree with the man who said, "If you can imagine twelve brass bands, twelve pipe bands, and twelve quadrille bands, all playing a different tune, in a different time and in a different key, all at once, well, you have an idea of the 'Symphonia Domestica.'" At the same time, one must marvel at Strauss's wonderful technical mastery of instrumentation. But, on the whole, it does not seem to me to be satisfactory music, especially as it came after Tschaikowsky's beautiful "Francesca di Rimini" fantasia.

Albert Hall

On Sunday, the 8th, the new series of concerts at the Albert Hall were successfully inaugurated. The Queen's Hall orchestra and Mr. Henry Wood had migrated to Kensington Gore, where, Sundays about, it will play a sort of Box and Cox with the London Symphony Orchestra, on each occasion having the co-operation of a well-known singer. The Queen's Hall orchestra played quite beautifully. Mr. Ben Davies, who was rapturously applauded, sang "Waft her, Angels" and "Onaway, Awake Beloved," for both of which he was encored. His singing of the recitative, "Deeper and Deeper Still," was remarkably fine and dignified. Altogether, the new venture commenced most auspiciously.

The Empire Theatre

After being closed for some months, to admit of certain structural alterations and an elaborate scheme of redecoration, the Empire Theatre re-opened its doors on Monday evening, the 9th. On the preceding Saturday afternoon the management had issued tickets for a private view. To the accompaniment of some charming music, about six hundred persons availed themselves of the invitation. The interior of the house has undergone a wonderful transformation, and, indeed, the Empire is now probably the most beautiful theatre in London. The prevailing colour-scheme is white, relieved with gold and pale green, whilst here and there are daring dashes of deep mauve.

E. W. E.

SPORT

Crystal Palace Dog Show

The "dog days" at the Crystal Palace—that is, the days of the Kennel Club's Annual Show—were, if anything, more brilliant than ever this year. Not only were the entries larger than ever before, numbering 3,503, as against 3,000 last year, but the prize list was larger (£7,000), and also the arrangements in a more perfect state than hitherto. Among the exhibitors was Her Majesty the Queen, whose charming little group of borzois, so popular in Society circles, won three first prizes, as also did another distinguished lady exhibitor, the Duchess of Newcastle, in the same class. The illustrations on the opposite page show some of the most attractive exhibits, including Her Majesty's "Vassilka," adjudged to be the best borzoi in the Show.

Is Lawn Tennis Degenerating to Pat-ball?

A short while ago a friend of mine, who had been holiday-making on the Continent, wrote me a letter, in the course of which he expressed his astonishment (and disgust) at the prevalence of what he not inaptly termed "pat-ball" on the hard courts on which the game is mostly played in foreign countries. By "pat-ball" he meant, not the duffer's game, but the safety game, guiltless alike of strokes or strategy, which has as its sole object the returning of the ball steadily over the net until the opponent makes a mistake, and he wondered whether the courts had anything to do with the development of this style of play, and the preference shown for it even by good players. I assured him, in my reply, that "pat-ball" was by no means a purely Continental commodity, or the product of hard courts alone; that it was painfully prevalent on grass in the United Kingdom.

The Reason of It

I attribute the popularity of "pat-ball" (in the sense in which my correspondent used the term) to two causes. In the first place, the keynote of the Dohertys' game is accuracy, and, as the tendency is to imitate the game of the champion for the time being, everybody nowadays is striving might and main for accuracy, oblivious of the fact that it is accuracy, *combined with severity and variety of strokes*, which makes a first-class player. We all know that matches are won "on errors," as the Americans say, and accuracy alone, for that reason, will carry a man far, but it won't carry him to the top. Unless he has severity and variety enough, when he comes against a first-class man, to make him miss the ball, he will find that, in spite of his accuracy, it will be he himself, and not the other man, who is doing the most missing. In the second place, the enormous amount of handicap play which goes on nowadays tends to foster "pat-ball." Directly a man begins to be at all good, he sets to work to try and win handicaps, and (even in practice) to give odds to weaker players and beat them, instead of trying to strengthen his game and add to his repertoire of strokes. And in handicaps, of course, accuracy is all-important. If you are a better man than your

(Continued on page 150)

Photo by *Cleaves*

Over six months at sea

The Liverpool barque, *Lalla Rookh*, which has just arrived at Falmouth after a voyage of 199 days. She has been three months overdue, and great excitement has been felt for her safety

Kennel Club Show Favourites

1 Mr H. R. Cooke's "High Leigh Blarney"
Retriever (Challenge Prize)

2 Queen Alexandra's "Vassilka"
Special limited class Borzois

3 Mr. E. Sobey's "Treyew Queen"
Greyhound Bitches

4 Mr. E. Bishop's "Danebury Ranger"
Maiden class Pointers

5 Mr. Calcutt's "Avening Quæstor"
Three firsts, one second, and six specials in Deerhounds (junior class)

6 Mrs. T. Allen's "Persian Lightning" and "Gaffeen"
Eastern Greyhounds (open class)

7 "Tiny Nell" (the smallest dog in the Show)
Yorkshire Terrier (novice class)

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

La Mode, as behoves her sex, is consistent only in her inconsistencies. And never within recollection has she been more coquettishly disposed than at present, to the end that *those* who *will* take fashion without a grain of humour—and, that I should have to say it, these dull folk are in the majority—are most pathetically bewildered. The prospecting round—so all the big West-End houses relate—is worse than ever, and indecision rampant. "They are simply incapable of making up their minds, and they will not permit us to do so for them." Thus spoke one harassed purveyor of the latest modes, in my presence, the other day; and the remark "gave me to think," as the French say, whether this pause for personal conviction, was not, perchance, a move in the right direction.

No one has a more sincere contempt than have I for the women who worry over their clothes, nor more hearty admiration for those who never worry, seldom talk about their modistic intentions, and are always supremely well attired. But, at the same time, there is something very right in a movement that encourages the exercise of individual judgment. All of which, perhaps, as Ambrosine impatiently points out, is far too grandiloquent for so frivolous an affair as fashion. So let us descend.

A Récherché Motor Costume

(Sketched at Peter Robinson's, Regent Street)

An English Predilection

The parrot-cry of the moment, as I have been reiterating for weeks, is the First Empire. To say that this period of high waist and figure-defining skirts is travestied, but very mildly expresses the wealth of caricature that prevails. It was, therefore, with infinite relish, and a heart lifted high with hope, that I visited the Regent Street house of Peter Robinson one day last week, in response to an invitation to enjoy an early view of their autumn show of costumes.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION

DAYLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY

KODAK PHOTOGRAPHY has always been synonymous with photography simplified and improved.

Step by step, the inventive genius of the Kodak Company has cleared away those obstacles, the dark room, cumbersome apparatus, etc., which have acted as a deterrent to would-be photographers, and so completely have their inventions been based upon the most advanced scientific methods, that the prejudices of advanced workers of the old school have been gradually overcome, and Kodak cameras and photographic materials to-day set the standard of quality to the world.

One of the longest strides towards the Kodak ideal was the introduction of the well-known daylight loading and unloading system, a method which appealed irresistibly to the practised worker, and won over many thousands who were hesitating to take up photography.

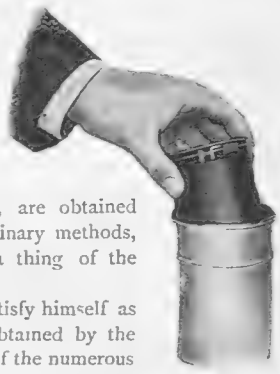
A Spool of Film

One may carry a Folding Kodak Camera in one pocket and six spools of the Kodak N.C. (non-curling) film, with a picture-taking capacity of 72 exposures similar to the figure in another with no inconvenience, and can charge and recharge the Kodak in the midst of a walk, without even going indoors.

The next step was to get rid of the dark-room for developing, and after constant experiment, the new Kodak Daylight Developing Machine was invented. With the aid of this remarkable invention the pictures we have taken can be safely developed in broad daylight, anywhere, without mess or worry.

The roll of film is fastened in a wooden box, and completely enveloped in a red celluloid band by merely turning a handle. The reel containing the film, which is now rolled up in the celluloid band and absolutely protected from the light, is removed to a tank, previously filled with the necessary developing solution (see illustration below).

Here it is left for twenty minutes, and beyond occasionally turning it upside down, no attention is required. The operator can smoke his pipe, read his book, or, if he possesses two or three tanks, he can be developing two or three rolls of film at the same time.



Experience has demonstrated that the results obtained by this method of developing roll films are in every way superior to those produced in the old way. Clear, bright negatives, free from finger-markings, scratches, stains, and patches, are obtained with a facility unknown to ordinary methods, and uneven development is a thing of the past.

Any reader who wishes to satisfy himself as to the perfect results to be obtained by the process, has only to call at any of the numerous Kodak depôts in order to see the process at work.

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The Editor's Box

Covent Garden

These are busy times at Covent Garden. The Italian Opera Season has opened in brilliant fashion, and the same may be said of the Fancy Dress Ball Season. Last Friday the merrymakers gathered in great numbers, dancing being carried on to the "wee sma'" hours. Some striking costumes were in evidence, and the prizes were much admired, both by those who were lucky enough to win them and also by those who were not so fortunate. The list of prizes included: Lady's dressing-case, fitted complete, in sterling silver, with all toilet requisites, for the most original costume; solid silver tea and coffee service, with tray, for the best costume; handsome prince's plate fruit and flower-stand; lady's dressing-bag, with silver and ivory fittings; lady's handsome sterling silver toilet set, in case; oak spirit and games cabinet, and sixteen other valuable prizes.

"The Green Book"

Mr. T. Sealey Clark, of 34, Craven Street, Strand, announces the forthcoming publication of an important new theatrical annual, to be called "The Green Book, or Who's Who on the Stage," which will form a valuable addition to the existing works of reference. "The Green Book" will be a handsome volume of about 400 pages, and will contain something like 2,500 condensed biographies (compiled from direct personal sources) of the leading members of the dramatic, musical, and variety professions, including managers, agents, proprietors, and musical directors. The work has been in active preparation for some time under the editorship of Mr. Bampton Hunt, late of *M.A.P.* The book will be printed on paper specially made by Messrs. Spalding and Hodge, and will be freely illustrated with first-class full-page and other portraits of the leading figures on the English stage.

Bath

Intending visitors to Bath will be interested to know that a neat and well-illustrated booklet, entitled, "Bath as a Health Resort," has been written and compiled by Mr. Lawrence H. Wilson, and published by the Corporation of Bath.

Books to Appear Shortly

Messrs. Hutchinson and Company will publish shortly "A Life of Queen Henrietta Maria," by Miss Ida A. Taylor, author of "A Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald." The history of the Queen is related with the detail rendered possible by the copious memoirs of the day and the collections of contemporary documents. The life of the "Reine Malheureuse"—to give her her self-chosen title—will occupy two large volumes, and will be copiously illustrated with portraits from contemporary paintings.

Sir Wyke Bayliss, the President of the R.B.A., has written a new volume on Art, entitled, "Seven Angels of the Renascence," in which he sums up his conclusions on Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, and Correggio, thus telling (to quote the words of his sub-title) "the story of Art from Cimabue to Claude." The book, which is illustrated with forty reproductions of famous paintings, is to be published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., announce a new novel by the author of "The Light Invisible" and "By What Authority?"—Mr. Robert Hugh Benson, one of the late Archbishop's talented trio of author-sons. The title of the story is "The King's Achievement," and in it he depicts English Society at one of the most dramatic epochs in British History—the period when Henry VIII., greatly daring for a Tudor monarch, defied the power of the Papacy. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Sir Thomas More, and Bishop Fisher of Rochester, as well as the King, are some of the characters to which the author introduces us.

Mr. Heinemann announces a new and cheaper edition of Sir Walter Armstrong's work on "Sir Joshua Reynolds and His Place in English Art." This edition, uniform with the same author's "Gainsborough," has been revised and brought up to date, and the two volumes offer a complete appreciation of English Art at its most brilliant period. The book is beautifully illustrated.

"Conscience" is the last volume to be added to Messrs. Methuen's series of the Novels of Alexandre Dumas. It has been newly translated. The cloth edition of "Acte," in this series, is now ready.

Two Booklet Novelties

Two neat little volumes, issued by Dow and Lester, 67-68, Cowcross Street, E.C., at one shilling each, have just made their appearance, entitled respectively, "Nicknames of My Friends" and "Ghosts of My Friends." The former is ruled out for one's friends to sign their autographs, nicknames, and birthdays, for future reference, while in the latter, one inscribes one's name in ink on the page, doubles it over without blotting, and produces a weird and ghostly design. The two volumes, together, bound in art cloth, would make a neat little present for the approaching festive season.

Bethnal Green Free Library

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has promised a contribution to the principal stall of a Bazaar to be opened by Mrs. John Evans during this month at the Bethnal Green Free Library in aid of the funds of that institution, which completes its thirty years' work in East London in March next. Those willing to help this work may do so by sending gifts to Mrs. Longstaffe, care of the Librarian, Bethnal Green Free Library, London, E.

Princes' Restaurant

Princes' Restaurant has been the scene of many smart dinner parties during the past few days. Amongst the entertainers have been Mr. and Mrs. Washington Singer, Lord Lathom, Sir James Miller, Lord Gerard, and the Earl of Cork. The first Sunday concert was held on October 8, and was a great success, many well-known people being present.

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